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OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

The regal autumn, like an ancient king,
Clad in bright robes of crimson and of gold,
With gems upon his forehead glittering,
Stalks forth amid the rugged mountains old.

The dying leaves, like Joseph's coat, appear
Of many colors—red, and gold, and brown;
Some palely green still—others, dead and sere,
With every passing wind come rustling down.

How strangely silent is this peaceful wood,
Lately with summer's songsters shrilly gay.
No robin's note disturbs the solitude,
No brown thrush sings its happy life away.

A dreamy haze hangs o'er the distant hills,
Half veiling, half revealing them to view.
And still the sun the earth with gladness fills,
And still the sky is deeply, darkly blue.

A little longer, and the light will fade;
A little longer, and the leaves will fall;
The latest flowers will droop in glen and glade,
And soon the crest snow will cover all.

Skale the Scout;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURR THORNBURY.

DEFENSE OF THE ISLAND BY THE BACKWOODSMEN, SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE HELICON.

One afternoon, near the close of the month of April, in the year 1813, the small American schooner Helicon, was to be seen crossing the waters of Lake Erie, not very distant from its western shore. The vessel had been sent by Commodore Perry, then organizing a fleet on the Lake, to make a reconnoissance in the vicinity of the mouth of Detroit river and of the islands near which in the month of September following he won his brilliant victory over the British. Returning, the Helicon was to approach the shore near the mouth of the river Raisin and land a number of scouts she had on board, who were to proceed through the forest covering the region between the above named river and the Maumee, acquaint themselves if possible with the numbers and probable movements of the British and their savage allies, and then inform General Harrison of the facts these to be obtained. Her mission so far had been successfully accomplished, and the vessel was now on her way toward safer waters. Once more she was to approach the shore and land a few remaining frontiersmen, and then she would make directly for port.

Soon after leaving the mouth of the Raisin, the weather, which heretofore had been extremely favorable, suddenly changed. A severe squall had been safely experienced, but now the wind had veered to the northwest, blowing directly upon shore, with every indication of a continued gale. The sky was obscured with cold, misty clouds, which, though rainless, gave a gloom to the agitated waters, and cast a shadow over the hearts of those on board that little vessel. Anxious hearts they were, for they knew their situation was one of many perils.

The Captain was on deck watching the appearance of the skies and feeling that there was little hope for a speedy and favorable change in the weather. He was a fearless, honest-looking man, his features bronzed by long exposure, his hair grizzled, not so much with age as continual care and action, and his whole expression denoting the gallant seaman, loving his vocation and steadfast in the performance of its duties.

Near Captain Morris stood a tall, finely proportioned man, with handsome features, wearing on them a look of command and intellectual superiority. He was attired in the uniform of an American colonel, though his garb was faded and worn, as if he had recently seen arduous service. In his hand was a powerful field-glass with which he swept the dark and tossing horizon of water toward the west, remarking after a long and earnest gaze:

"No land visible yet, Captain?"

"And I pray God there will not be soon. With this nor'easter so strong against us, I fear we will be unable to keep out of sight of the shore much longer. I am endeavoring to head the vessel well off, but this gale is merciless. We cannot think now of laying to again, but will make directly for Cleveland if possible."

"The danger from shipwreck no doubt is great," said the first speaker; "but I presume that is not our greatest peril. The woods we know are full of British and Indians, and if we should reach the shore alive we should probably fall into their hands. How cruel they are let the massacre at Frenchtown attest."

"Yes! the bloody braggarts!" exclaimed a voice from a person, staggering up with the uncertain and awkward tread of one entirely unused to walking a deck. "If we are thrown into *their* clutches there'll be nothing left of us but our bones in a mighty little time. Lord keep our powder dry if we're to be cast on yonder shore. Hiram Skale don't want to meet the red-coats and red-skins both, with a damp rifle, and nothing in his powder-horn but Erie water."

Captain and Colonel turned toward the speaker. He was a fine representative of that daring and danger-loving class known as scouts or borderers—men more valuable to an army or a settlement in the times of which we write than at the present, perhaps, can well be imagined. He was large-framed, without a particle of superfluous flesh, but muscular, and with sinews strong as twisted steel. His features were rough and bronzed, but in them showed a look of manliness, courage and self-reliance—the month particularly expressing unusual determination.

His name, as he has already given it, was Hiram Skale, known on the frontier and especially in General Harrison's army as one of the most daring, indomitable and successful scouts in the whole Northwest. He differed from the majority of his class in the fact that he was less given than they to "strong" language, meaning thereby, profanity, and also in his superior intelligence, for he was a man of educational acquirements, though long association with the frontiersmen, had caused him to forget in a great measure his early culture. He was an Indian fighter and an Indian hater of the most formidable type. He had abundant reason for his hostility toward the savages, for years ago his wife had been cruelly murdered by them in her home, his two children, a boy and a girl carried into captivity, where it was supposed they had perished, and his home and crops destroyed. All this in one night! Leaving his farm to whomsoever might take it—the horror-stricken husband and father, burning with a desire for revenge, left the settlement, and since that dreadful hour had employed himself in unremitting warfare against the destroyers of his family and his happiness. It is impossible for a humanitarian in this day to understand the hatred that men who like Hiram Skale, had lost all—and though rough woodsmen perhaps, that all was very dear to them—through the treachery and cruelty of the savages, bore in their bosoms against their forest foes. It was simply terrible, and the more so because these borderers believed they were doing a good work in assisting to exterminate the merciless red men. Skale gave no quarter to an Indian, and he asked none.

When he met one of these red rovers, it was to engage in mortal combat. Hitherto he had always come off victorious, though he bore on his person a dozen hideous scars, the marks of his many encounters with his savage foes. Such was Hiram Skale—brave, generous and humane in his intercourse with the whites, but a tiger, a demon, when he thought of his murdered wife and her unborn babe, and saw before him those whose race had worked him such horrible injury.

He was dressed in the usual pioneer garb; green hunting shirt, buckskin breeches and fur cap. In his belt hung his keen-edged knife, and close at hand was his prized and trusty rifle. For this weapon he had an affection almost laughable to witness. He made it his constant companion; talked to it; praised it, and declared he would rather lose his right eye than "old trusty."

"You would be safe enough, Skale, on shore," said Captain Morris, humorously. "The danger would be to the redskins. If they see our vessel drifting or driving toward the shore, it would be well for them to leave for the interior at once. They can't kill *you*; but you would be sure to lessen *their* numbers considerably."

"What I'm afraid of Captain, is being drowned and then washed ashore for them chaps to scalp. They'd know me, and say they did it honestly. Put me in the woods alive, and I wouldn't be much concerned for my own safety. I'd rather be there now than on this shaky floor that keeps a lifting as if an earthquake was under it. But what'll become of the rest of ye, if you don't sink, is hard to say. I'm powerfully uneasy about your daughter, Colonel Westburn—Isabel shouldn't have come. I had my doubts about it at first."

A deeper shade of anxiety passed over the face of the officer. He looked again toward the driving clouds and the foaming waters, and then turned to descend to the cabin.

"State the danger to them," spoke Captain Morris as the Colonel paused a moment, "but do not unnecessarily alarm them. There is no hope for an improvement in the weather, and we might as well prepare ourselves for the worst. We have two good boats, so there is a chance for us still. We have no cowards on board, thank Heaven."

"If so, my daughter is not among them," the Colonel replied, as he disappeared down the hatchway. He entered the cabin where an anxious group awaited his coming. The uneasy look which he endeavored in vain to put in part off was quickly noticed by those present, already aware in a measure of the seriousness of the situation.

"What has the Captain to say now, Colonel?" inquired one, though I see by your countenance you have no cheerful report to make. Let us know the truth, for it cannot exceed our apprehensions."

The Colonel's anxiety was not on his own account, but on that of his beloved and beautiful daughter, whom we must now introduce.

The circumstances that led to her being on board were briefly these: Colonel Philip Westburn, the soldierly looking man, whom his title became so well, for a year preceding the breaking out of the war had been a resident of Detroit, though his home was in Cleveland, where he possessed a large and valuable estate.

He had gone to Michigan with his wife and daughter for the sake of the former's health, and had been caught in the whirlwind of war, in consequence of her increased illness and the impossibility of removing her home. She died, leaving his daughter Isabel in the care of some relatives. Mr. Westburn had joined the army under the incompetent, if not treasonable, Hull, and had shared the disasters and humiliations of that first campaign. With great personal honor, though, for he had attained to the rank of colonel, and was one of the bravest and most popular officers in the army. He had been liberated on his parole, and with his daughter had obtained permission to remove from Detroit to Frenchtown, further south on the River Raisin. His brother had resided at this place, but had joined General Winchester's army, and become one of the victims of the terrible disaster that befell that officer.

Desiring to leave the scene of so much personal bereavement, he had obtained passage for himself and daughter on board the Helicon to Cleveland, on the occasion of the boats of the schooner Landing Harrison's scouts, as before mentioned. It was an accidental opportunity, but it was eagerly embraced.

Isabel Westburn was worthy to be called a soldier's daughter. She did not appear to be more than twenty years of age, and in her the dignity of the woman was beautifully united with the shyness and youthful grace of the girl. Her figure was slender, but with no appearance of frailty, a flexible strength being obviously possessed by her. Her features were regular in every lineament, of a pure Grecian type; but in addition and superior to this attraction they were distinguished by that subtle, indefinable and wondrous something which every one recognizes, and which by many is called fascination, by others magical expression, and by still more is not *called* at all, but fully felt as the real essence of beauty.

Her eyes were blue, her complexion very fair, and though of late her cheeks had been often wet with tears of grief, they had not washed entirely out the soft rose color that so delicately tinged the downy skin. Her hair, which is indeed woman's glory, since wanting that she is wanting all, was abundant and rich, but of what particular color it would be impossible to say, since in the sunshine it was one and in the shadow another. As she stood in the gloom of that narrow cabin it seemed dusky as midnight, but had a sudden sun-gleam struck it, you would have called it golden.

Her whole aspect was thoroughly feminine, but none would have dared to call her weak and womanish;—*womanly* was the term that described her—the noble correlative of that other term—*manly*.

The character of Isabel Westburn will be unfolded as our story proceeds; it is enough now to say that a face with the attractive power of hers could not belong to one in whom either mind, heart or soul was wanting.

She moved toward her father as he entered and embraced him, not without a look of alarm in her face, for they were serious words that he spoke, but, also with an expression that showed how deep her affection for him was, now that he was almost the only near one left to her, and he too with herself was in appalling peril. Even as he informed them of the fears of the captain, a fiercer sea seemed to engulf the little vessel and a stronger wind to howl above. Isabel noticed the increased fury of the storm, and her father said:

"Courage, my daughter; there is a hope for us yet."

"I am trying to be brave," she answered, "and yet it is very terrible."

"It is indeed, Miss Westburn," spoke a rich voice not far from her side. "But your steady self-possession under such circumstances is an example for us all."

A soft flush overspread the face of Isabel. The speaker was a young man of perhaps three-and-twenty years, of a fine, commanding person, and an open, attractive countenance. He would have been noted at once in any place where he went as a stranger, as an individual of superior endowments. His noble bearing—his handsome and pleasing features—the clear gleam of his dark eyes—his courteous speech, and the look of character, culture and intelligence he possessed would all have been observed, and would have inclined the beholder in his favor. His name was Earnest Hallowell, and he too had embarked with the colonel and his daughter from the settlement mentioned. He was a major in the American army, though he wore no uniform to indicate his rank. Volunteering at the commencement of hostilities, though of wealthy and distinguished family, he had placed himself in the ranks, winning his way to his present position by personal merit alone. He had marched with General Winchester to the relief of the settlements on the Raisin, and had been one of the few survivors of that disastrous expedition, escaping, wounded, from the scene of the massacre, but being captured afterward and retained a prisoner at Detroit until ransomed by a friend at that place. He was one of that beaten, tortured band of captives who were paraded for sale by their savage enemies through the streets of Detroit, until pity caused his countrymen to purchase his release, together with that of many of his suffering comrades.

He had been acquainted with Colonel Westburn and his daughter but a day or two, though the Colonel was not ignorant of his family, and was very glad to meet the young soldier.

"I fear I am a hypocrite, Major Hallowell," said Isabel, in response to his compliment; "for though I keep up a show of assurance, I am in reality very much alarmed and distressed. Shipwreck must be dreadful, but my chief apprehension arises out of the fact that we are so near a hostile shore. Since the recent atrocities committed by the savages, I have been unable to contemplate without horror the idea of falling into their hands."

"Do not think of it, I beg of you. When the danger becomes more imminent it will be impossible to ignore it; but till then let us close our eyes to it. I pray God you may never become the captive of the Indians!" concluded the young man, fervently. His look expressed more perhaps than his words, for the young lady detected in his glance something that made her feel that his interest in her welfare was extraordinary for a comparative stranger, and blushing softly, she assured him of her gratitude for his evident sympathy for her in their trying position.

Colonel Westburn, who had not spoken since informing the group in the cabin of the Captain's apprehensions, sighed deeply as Isabel replied to the Major.

"My God! was his agonizing thought, "I have lost her saintly mother, and must I now lose her? Let me perish in these stormy waters, rather than survive them both. Isabel," he said, aloud, "I know not what may be the end of this; I pray that we both live or both die; we have strong boats, and if driven toward the shore, may effect a landing; but I want you now while there is time, and we are together, to take these; and—and—if you should fall into the hands of the savages, keep them concealed, if possible, about your person, and use them *against yourself* in the last extremity. I love you too well to have you long alive in the power of those forest demons."

He produced a pair of pistols of exquisite finish, which, though small and light, might be very serviceable weapons in a dire emergency. She took them tremblingly, placed them securely in a belt she wore, and was about to give her father a dreadful promise, when Major Hallowell, who had comprehended the meaning of it all, broke imploringly in with:

"Colonel Westburn, forgive me. I know what you would require of your daughter, and feel that you are almost justifiable in asking this of her. Like me, you know by sad experience, the utter cruelty of the savages. But I have found that while there is life there is hope. Not till you are known to be dead—not till *I* have fallen, require Isabel to do this thing. Promise me this and I will be happy."

There was no mistaking the meaning of the young soldier's tone and looks—the secret of his earnestness. He was beginning to love the beautiful being who was the sharer of their perils. And in the heart of Isabel a strange, sweet influence was at work—a feeling that overpowered the sense of danger, and made her for a moment seem safe on those lifting waters, and happy in that hour of gathering danger.

"Be it so," sighed the father, in response.

A look of joy shone in the young man's face.

"With God's help, I will save you yet, Miss Westburn. Isabel!" he exclaimed, "the way is dark before us; but there may be a path to safety still. And to *her* love," he added, in his heart.

The other occupants, not yet mentioned, were a gentleman named Ashton—a distant relative of Major Hallowell—and the attendant of Isabel, a comely young lass of eighteen or nineteen.

It was now near four o'clock. The merciless northeaster increased in fury, the waves rolled wilder around the vessel, and the tired and almost despairing crew could hardly keep the deck. Suddenly from the foremast of the straining Helicon rang the alarming cry:

"Land, ho!"

"Where away?" called Captain Morris.

"Three points off the weather-bow. Not a league distant. Seizing the Colonel's glass, he ascended the tangled rigging and peered earnestly in the direction of the shore. The vessel was now almost entirely unmanageable, her fore and aft sails were gone, and not an inch of canvass could be made to hold. She was in consequence at the mercy of the wind and waves, except that her course toward the shore could still be in a measure directed. Anxiety was depicted in every face. The crew stood by awaiting the orders of the Captain; Hiram Skale and his fellow-scouts gathered below in the steerage, and our friends in the cabin listened to the dashing of the waves over the deck of the fated vessel.

After a protracted absence in the foretop, Captain Morris descended with less alarm visible in his countenance than might be expected.

"It is not so bad as it might be, men," he said as he reached the deck, "though there's no telling how it will end. We must go ashore, but on a part that I am fortunately well acquainted with. I have my plan formed. Fowler, take the wheel, and do your best, or we are lost. We are not going to strike hard, for it's my idea to run the old Helicon clear of the rocks and pitch her upon a sandy beach. The old lady's served us well, and I'll try and show my gratitude. Steady, now, all; we're going in fast. Ready with the boats, call all up from below, and don't one of you act the coward."

He gave a few brief directions, and then returned to his position in the foretop. From that dangerous place he had determined to give his further orders, as the "lay" of the shore that was now being rapidly approached could best be seen from there, and on the best and quickest use of their opportunities the Captain felt depended the lives of all. A look of confidence was on his face, and the crew gathered courage from the example and coolness of their brave commander.

"I'll feel better when I get ashore," remarked Hiram Skale. "There's Captain Morris enjoys a shipwreck, that's plain; looks quite cheerful over it; just as I do over a fight with the red-skins. If I can only keep old Trusty and a little dry powder I shall be satisfied for my part. But, boys, there's the young lady—don't none of you forget her. Hiram Skale won't, and he expects the same of you. That girl," he concluded aside to his comrades, "has done well for us, I've heard. She'll have a sorry time, I'm afraid, if we do gain the shore alive; but we must see her through or die."

It was a fearful moment for those gathered on that foam-dashed deck. Behind them and on either side spread and tossed the eager waves, as if hungering for their victims. Before rose a forest-shaded shore, toward which they were driving with fearful speed. But between them and the wood lay a low isle of sand—a temporary bar built by the waves—and it was toward this almost submerged spot that the schooner was being steered. Captain Morris now left his perilous place in the foretop to avoid being thrown off by the coming shock, as he surely would be were he to remain.

Clear and sharp rang his orders, and each was instantly obeyed. With his hat off and his gray hair streaming in the gale, his face dashed with spray, but showing excited and confident, he looked the very picture of the sea-hero, conscious of danger, yet brave to meet it, and defiant of the storm.

Nearer—still nearer swept the sailless vessel. No further order was given, for none was needed. In awful expectancy those on board awaited the inevitable shock. It came. Caught by the waves as if they felt it was their moment of final triumph, the gallant little Helicon was lifted upon their crests, and with vindictive force cast upon the sandy shore. An involuntary cry arose from the now terrified crew and passengers, and then all was confusion and blindness.

CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK.

Lifted on the shoulders of an enormous wave, the Helicon was carried far up the shore, striking with fearful violence, but escaping destruction in consequence of plunging into the soft sand, instead of against unyielding rock. When the wave receded, the schooner was left for a short time almost entirely out of water, but a returning billow again deluged her, though she was not carried back into the lake. She was too firmly imbedded in the sand and soft soil for that.

"Jump for your lives!" was the cry of Captain Morris as he saw that, as he had calculated, the vessel was for a moment out of the grasp of the waves.

Assisted by her father and Major Hallowell, Isabel Westburn and her maid essayed the fearful leap.

"Courage, my child, you will be saved," cried the former, as springing from the deck he awaited her below. She commanded Milly to follow her, and then sprung into his arms. The Major was by her side in a moment, and she was soon placed out of danger. Milly was similarly aided, and before the returning waves again struck the wreck all had left the deck.

"Thank God! we are for the present safe, though this is only the first danger!" ejaculated Colonel Westburn, as reaching the windy summit of the island he looked toward the helpless Helicon. He looked toward the mainland also, and with a mighty apprehension, for he knew the forest swarmed with enemies, and they might at any moment discover the unhappy castaways. But darkness was now settling over the scene, and it was possible that they would escape immediate notice.

"We must necessarily pass an uncomfortable night," he said when he returned to the others, "but we cannot be too grateful for our present deliverance. In the morning our first effort must be to provide ourselves with arms and ammunition. Even if discovered to-night, we need not fear an attack, for it is not possible for canoes or boats to reach us from the mainland. If the wreck go to pieces before morning, we shall be utterly defenceless."

"The boats are yet safe," said Captain Morris, pointing toward the wreck. Gallant old gal! how she holds to her babies. They give us one chance, for when the lake partly subsides, we will put off southward as soon as they can be launched."

But while the brave old seaman spoke, as if to prove how uncertain were their prospects of escape, a furious wave dashed shorward,

breaking loose one of the boats and carrying it far out on the lake.

"There goes one of our hopes" cried the old man, mournfully, as he gazed after the capsized boat. "Heaven spare us the other at least."

We pass over the dreariness, discomfort and anxiety of that long night. Sleep was impossible, for no shelter could be provided, and exposed to the cutting wind, and hardly out of reach of the waves, the little party were obliged to huddle together for mutual warmth, waiting in weariness for the dawn. Forming a bulwark of their bodies, the rough but generous sailors and frontiersmen protected from the cold as best they could the suffering Isabel and her maid. As for Major Hallowell, in the joy of dawning love, he hardly realized the utter desolateness and discomfort of their situation. Isabel had been saved, that for the present was almost enough. All night he was by her side, encouraging her to hope for relief on the morrow, and endeavoring to make her sufficiently comfortable in body to admit of slumber; but finding that impossible, he lessened the monotony of the cheerless hours by song, by conversation, and a lengthened discussion with Hiram Skale on the question of the total depravity of the aborgines. Hiram contending that they possessed no virtues whatever.

"I'm afraid we'll all find out too soon what miserable, merciless, murdering monsters they are," said the scout, and with this melancholy alliterative conclusion, he dropped his lines of argument.

Morning broke clear and bright over the lake. Glad were the cast-a-ways that the weary night was ended, but fearful were they lest the daylight should reveal them to their dreaded foes. The schooner was still not broken up by the waves, and at the earliest possible moment she was boarded, and arms and ammunition obtained. With these in their possession, a new feeling filled the breasts of our friends.

"We can at least die defending ourselves," was the cheery remark of Major Hallowell. "To be shot down here by a cowardly foe, knowing our helplessness, or dragged captive from the isle, because we had no weapons with which to resist their assault, would indeed be terrible.

With our rifles and—ha, Captain! an idea strikes me. Is there not an old howitzer or two on board the Helicon? I think I saw one lying in the hold."

"There is, sir," exclaimed the Captain in ecstacy. "If we can't get off in the boat or on a raft, we'll build a fort and give the redskins thunder when they come to scalp us. Bring out the old things, men, we'll find dry powder aboard, no doubt, though some may be spoiled. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" responded Hiram Skale, who with his feet on land once more, and a dry rifle in his hand, began to feel enthusiastic despite the precariousness of their situation.

Two of the borderers and three or four of the sailors clambered up the broken side of the wreck, and after hard labor succeeded in extricating from the debris in the hold a couple of rusty old howitzers that had been placed on board previous to a former voyage and had never been removed. The schooner was not a war vessel, carrying only one serviceable gun—a long brass twelve pounder—which had been thrown overboard of necessity during the gale.

"Matters begin to look quite military," said Captain Morris, pointing with infinite satisfaction to the howitzers. "We need a leader to keep us straight, and I move, men, that Colonel Phillip Westburn be appointed to the command of this party of defence."

A unanimous expression of approval followed. The Colonel briefly returned his thanks for the honor, concluding with a deserved compliment to the Captain of the Helicon.

"It is my hope that I may be as successful in the present extremity as you, Captain Morris, were in that of yesterday."

The question was raised whether a fort should be constructed on the island or whether the wreck of the schooner should be occupied for that purpose.

"I suggest," said Major Hallowell, that we throw up our defences on this shore. In case of a second storm the vessel would probably go to pieces."

It was therefore decided to entrench themselves on the island, using material from the wreck. An excavation was made in the sand, the howitzers were mounted, loaded and masked, and a large supply of powder brought from the magazine. Though much of it was damaged, there was still an abundance perfectly dry. Provisions were not plentiful, but enough were saved to last them several days. While some of the men were building the fort, others were repairing the boat—found to be badly broken—and constructing a raft, on which, when the lake subsided, it would be necessary for some of the party to trust themselves, since the boat, even if it could be made sea-worthy, would not contain them all. One apprehension felt was that they might be discovered by British cruisers, known to be roving the lake, but as it afterward proved this would have been a desirable misfortune.

Making the best of their perilous position, and congratulating themselves on their ability to obtain so much from the wreck, by noon they found their condition to be one of comparative comfort and safety. Not an Indian had yet been seen, though the mainland had been closely watched by the keen-eyed borderers, who expected every moment the whoop announcing that the savages had discovered them. The island was entirely without vegetation to afford a screen to its occupants, and even if there had been a growth of bushes, the hull of the wreck was such a prominent object, that it could not have escaped the observation of any one on the shore. Expecting discovery, knowing, in fact, that it would be impossible to avoid it if any of their enemies should approach, the little party made no secret of their presence. The raft could not be constructed without the sound of axe and saw, and their hope was that by hurried labor they would be enabled to finish it before a successful attack could be made.

"Even if discovered," said Colonel Westburn, "it is not probable that we shall be assailed by daylight. The Indians are too cowardly to make an open attack in their canoes, and by keeping our howitzers concealed till the moment arises to use them with the best effect, it is to be hoped that we shall so surprise the savages that they will not renew their assault immediately. By to-morrow morning if the gale continues to abate, it will be safe to attempt our departure."

"Speaking of the canoes, Colonel," spoke Hiram Skale, "reminds me that we've been a little careless in that matter. It's plain enough as you say, that the red-skins can reach us only in their boats. Now it's mighty likely that if there's any Indians hereabouts, their canoes are up that creek."

He pointed toward the mouth of a small stream that emptied into the lake nearly opposite the island.

"With your permission, Colonel, Tom Williams and me will look to this matter. There's nothing like stealing a march on the enemy."

"What do you propose to do?" inquired Colonel Westburn with eager interest. "You have my permission to engage in any prudent enterprise that may benefit us."

"Well, it's rather risky," returned the scout. "But Tom's willing and I'm anxious. We just mean to swim to yonder shore, make our way very cautiously up that creek, and steal or scuttle every canoe to be found. It's worth the venture, Captain, in my opinion. There may be a score of boats hid along the banks, and just now not a red-skin near, yet before sunset they may be thick enough. We're off, then, since you're willing."

"Be very careful, I enjoin you, for you are in all probability exposing yourself to a fearful risk."

Divesting themselves of the heavy portion of their clothing, looking to their hunting-knives, and holding in one hand their rifles out of the water, the two brave fellows swam silently across to the mainland, and ascended the low shore. Pausing for a moment, and looking toward their friends, they waved them adieu, and then disappeared in the forest shades.

"God grant them a safe return," breathed Isabel, as she saw their figures vanish in the green gloom of the wilderness.

Major Hallowell was by her side.

"You have seen something of frontier life, and are acquainted with frontier character, Miss Westburn," he remarked, "and I doubt not you share my admiration for the class of which those two men are worthy representatives."

"Indeed I do," responded Isabel, with animation. "Rough in person and speech they often are—yet braver, better hearts do not beat. I have already become greatly indebted to them, and the obligation still increases. In Hiram Skale, I must confess, I take an unusual interest. There is something about the man superior to his associates; and though his manners and conversation are marked by the border roughness, now and then I detect in them the evidence of former culture."

"Though usually light-hearted, or apparently so, I have noticed that he has his pensive moments. There is some mystery about him that I cannot attempt to fathom. He has suffered terribly at the hands of the savages, and is an unqualified hater of their race. Woe be to the warrior whom he meets alone," said her companion.

The sun was sinking over the tree-tops, and his rays were already so interrupted by them that only a few lines of golden light fell upon the island. In the holy hush of the settling evening, the handsome young soldier and the beautiful girl long stood conversing. Isabel spoke of her dead mother, and gentle tear-drops filled her eyes as the sense of her great loss came strong upon her. In tender and touching words the young man comforted her, while all the time in his heart a love was growing that was to make him forever happy or forever miserable. He did not yet dare to speak, though he had already dared to hope that there was an answering influence at work in the maiden's breast that would make her his in time.

With Isabel Westburn his promised bride, he felt that danger and death would be only names—and yet as bright visions of a peaceful home in which her fair form moved, rose before him, he realized how sweet it would be to live. Used of late to trial and peril, he had in a degree become indifferent to danger, but now the desire to escape, that with her he might share this new existence, took possession of him with an almost agonizing force. It was not personal fear, but the natural love of life returning, intensified and elevated by this great glad longing for future happiness with the beautiful being at his side.

Oh! they must not perish now on that miserable isle! In an hour, since the lake no longer rolled tumultuously, forbidding them to venture upon its surface, they would commit themselves to its mercy and endeavor to reach a safer shore.

As if in mockery of the hopes that filled the lover's breast, a sudden warning cry was uttered by those on guard; the report of a rifle sent shuddering echoes through the wood; and a wild, terrific whoop told that cruel foes had discovered the cast-a-ways. At the same moment a number of canoes shot from the mouth of the little creek, each filled with yelling and hideously-painted savages, and a shower of bullets fell among the defenders of the island-fort.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT THE SCOUTS FOUND.

With stealthy tread, Skale and Williams entered the forest and commenced their hazardous reconnoisance. Rifle in hand, they went on till they had passed up the left bank of the little stream fully three quarters of a mile, discovering no canoes, yet by certain signs that only a woodsman would have observed, assuring themselves of the recent presence of the savages.

"I say, Williams," whispered Skale to his companion, "we've gone far enough in this direction. The brutes have been about lately, that's plain. See here!" He picked up a piece of birch bark, evidently not long stripped from the tree.

"Boil my bones!" returned Tom, using his favorite expletive in his surprise. "They've like enough been a patchin' up their leaky boats. Thar's canoes not far off, I'll bet my ears. No piece of birch bark was ever cut in jest that ar way 'cept it war for to be used in mendin' their craft. We'll cross to to'ther side, Hiram, and sarch powerful close as we goes down."

They waded the shadowed water at a point where two enormous pines, fallen towards each other, afforded a screened passage, concealed in the dark foliage of which they were careful to keep. With the silence of shadows they descended the stream, looking carefully into every cluster of bushes and denser mass of vines. A sudden and suppressed exclamation of surprise announced to Williams, who was behind, that Hiram had made a discovery of a startling character.

An impressive gesture invited him to come forward. When he reached his comrade's side no explanation of the cause of the latter's excitement was needed, for looking downward through the bushes parted by Hiram's rifle, in a sort of little bay or cove, he beheld at least a score of canoes moored side by side.

"It's well we come this way," whispered Williams, descending at once to commence a hurried destruction of the boats. Two of the largest were selected, in which to descend to their friends. Hardly had these been pushed to the entrance of the cove, when the snapping of a twig under an advancing footstep caused both men to spring noiselessly ashore and crouch low in the thicket, which, not yet clothed in its dress of leaves, afforded an indifferent screen against hostile eyes. Peering in the direction from which the warning sound had come, they beheld a huge Indian approach and glance keenly in, where he evidently expected to find the canoes. The moment he caught sight of them, he saw they had been disturbed, and with a deep "Ugh" of surprise he started back, looking around him in alarm.

"Curse our luck," thought Skale, in deep chagrin. "Why couldn't we have taken this side first."

Both slunk silently away, and none too soon, for the warrior quickly returned, accompanied by a number of his comrades, and an exploration of the vicinity was immediately commenced. They soon struck the trail of the scouts—and while some pressed on in pursuit, the remainder sprang into the canoes and shot rapidly down the creek.

Continuing their retreat, Skale and Williams were about to take to the water, when, to their increased alarm, they discovered another party of the Indians moving toward the lake, apparently unaware of the proximity of any foe. Knowing that it would be madness to attempt to reach their friends by swimming, and hearing the dip of oars as the savages in the canoes came rapidly on, the two scouts discharged their rifles simultaneously at the party on land, and with a loud yell, rushed forward. It was their only chance. It was the report of their guns, fired together and sounding like a single shot, that had so startled the watchers on the island. Two of the savages fell dead, and before the others had recovered from their surprise, the gallant woodsmen had bounded past them and were lost in the gathering gloom of twilight.

"We're in for it now, Williams, and no mistake," said the elder scout. "There'll be a lively hunt for us to-night; for the redskins are fresh, and will hold on long. Which way shall we put? North toward the Raisin, or south toward the Maumee? Or shall we hang around here and try to get back to our friends? They'll need us bad enough—though it's doubtful about our reachin' 'em with whole skins."

"What did we come here fur, Hiram?" asked Tom, very coolly.

"To look for our foes, and to steal or sink their boats."

"Wall," continued Tom, "we've succeeded in the first admir'ble, and we had better jest keep on a doin' well. I'm goin' back to the island, and *in one of them canoes.*"

"It can be done," responded his companion with equal determination. "I had no idea of running off, Tom, and leaving our friends in the lurch; you know that. But if it's your plan to go back a paddling, I'm with you. Our men will beat the red-skins back the first time easy; them 'witzers will rather stagger the brutes, and before the next attack we'll be on hand to help hold that sand-hill. A fog is coming over the waters by midnight, and that is just what we want, though it may suit the red-skins too."

Moving forward all the time they were speaking, the bold fellows were returning to the very midst of their enemies. They sought the bank of the creek, crossed and recrossed, in order to confuse the savages who might be on their trail, and at last found themselves not far from the mouth of the stream, and within ear-shot of their foes. Leaving them in this perilous position, we must return to those on the island, whom we left startled by the sudden appearance of the Indians, and gathering in haste to meet the murderous onslaught.

CHAPTER IV.

SAVED FOR THE TIME.

At the first note of alarm Major Hallowell seized the arm of Isabel, bearing her down behind the rude breastwork, where for herself and Milly a special cover had been prepared.

"My God! we have been imprudent," was his exclamation, as he thought how in those previous moments of sweet forgetfulness, he had perhaps exposed himself with her who was more to him than his own life, to the view, as it proved, of the not distant enemy.

"Keep well concealed, Miss Westburn, I implore you. We can repulse these demons, no doubt, for the time, with little loss to ourselves. There! you are safe, I trust."

"And you, Major," she said anxiously, as she crouched behind the protecting timbers, "be careful of yourself, I beg."

She shuddered as she thought of their recent peril.

A look of joy showed for an instant on the features of the young man, as he grasped tighter his rifle, waiting the command to fire. *She* had expressed a special interest in his safety.

On came the yelling foe, eager for blood and plunder, for they had caught sight of the wreck, and guessed that it would yield them double spoil. A terrible surprise awaited them. The howitzers were still masked, but arrangements had been made to throw the cover instantly aside without exposure to the defenders; and two of the borderers stood ready to perform this duty when directed.

"Do not fire a shot till I give the word," commanded Colonel Westburn. "We must permit those rascals to approach the very mouth of our guns."

A moment of awful suspense followed. The savages had ceased their yelling, surprised apparently at the ominous stillness of the little garrison. The majority of the whites had been concealed at the moment of the alarm, and the savages, supposing that there were but few on the island, had pushed boldly out, expecting a few shots, but as yet receiving none. Another volley of bullets was sent against the fort.

"Now!" shouted the Colonel, as he saw that the canoes had reached the very position he desired them to take.

The covers were instantly removed from the muzzles of the pieces.

"Fire!"

A terrific discharge from both howitzers and rifles followed. Three of the foremost canoes were blown out of the water, and several of the others were badly damaged. With a tremendous reverberation the reports from the guns rolled through the solemn woods, while the shrieks of the wounded Indians, the enraged yells of those unhurt, and the triumphant shouts of the whites filled the evening air with a fearful discord.

"Well done, my men," cried their commandant. "The red-skins hardly expected all that, I take it. They will not trouble us for the next hour or two, and by that time we must endeavor to leave this place. Skale and Williams will fare badly, I fear, but there is hope for them yet."

The retreating savages, at whom a few more shots had been fired, were disappearing up the creek. In the dim light the fragments of the broken boats could be seen floating shoreward, and the smoke from the guns was slowly settling upon the water.

"There will be a fog to-night, Colonel," said Captain Morris with some uneasiness, as he watched the softly-falling smoke-cloud and the vapors that had begun to gather along the mainland.

"There will, assuredly," responded Westburn, noting the same appearances. "It may aid us, and it may not. It will surely encourage our enemies to make a second attack."

None of the party had been killed in the fight, though one of the borderers and two of the sailors had been struck. Their wounds were not dangerous, yet it was doubly to be regretted that they had not escaped, for two of the men were quite disabled, thus lessening the defensive force of the garrison and making escape on the raft and in the boat more uncertain in consequence of the difficulty of removing the wounded ones. They could not of course be left behind, whatever risk might attend their removal. With her own hands Isabel Westburn assisted in dressing the ghastly wounds, bandaging them with cool compresses to retard the expected inflammation.

"Lord bless the gal!" exclaimed suffering old Simon Brace. "She's no faint-away dolly, skeery at the sight o' a drop of blood. She's worth fightin' for, she is, and them painted brutes will hev to put Simon Brace further out o' the way afore they harms her. Why, Miss Isabel, the touch o' your fingers ar kind o' curin'."

"Would that I could heal you so easily, Simon," she replied. "We shall need you sadly enough, I fear."

"I've been in tighter places than this here, and allers managed to get out so far, though sometimes a leetle damaged like. It's a pity I'm laid up jest now, for I think myself I might be useful afore mornin'."

He muttered the concluding words to himself, for he would not further alarm his fair attendant.

Every preparation had been immediately made to repel a second assault, though it was the intention of the besieged to trust themselves to the water as soon as it might be considered prudent. No further rifle shots informed them that their two absent friends had been discovered and attacked, and they knew that without the report of guns it would be safe to infer that the scouts were yet unharmed, unless the first shot had been fired at them instead of by them. The yells of the Indians had died away, and an ominous silence settled over the scene. Yet they knew that at any moment it might be broken by the whoops of their returning foes, who would certainly make another attack, more cautious, perhaps, but not less murderous than the first.

For an hour they watched and waited, and then, the fog having completly enveloped the island and surrounding objects, it was resolved to abandon the fort and trust themselves on the lake. The movement was attended with every hazard, for the mist rendered it impossible to distinguish the position of the raft and boat, and only by the sense of touch could they assure themselves of the steps they were taking. The wounded men were first silently conducted to the boat, and then Isabel and Milly. With the hand of our heroine in his own, Major Hallowell, whispering words of caution and encouragement, assisted her to the stern of the boat, directing her to crouch as low as possible in the bottom, to avoid the balls that might soon be flying around them. Captain Morris, and the others of the crew of the Helicon, had agreed to take the raft, as they were better qualified for the management of such a craft, though it was to remain attached to the boat by ropes. After a few minutes of the most painful suspense it was in a low whisper announced that all was ready to push off.

"Steady now, all," breathed the Captain, "and we will soon be out of this. Where we will land Heaven only knows, but in no more dangerous place than we leave. Here, Jim, you pole."

The raft was about to be pushed from the shore, when in quick, low tones of warning, Col. Westburn commanded the men to pause. The gentle dip of approaching oars was heard, hardly touching the water, and, only a few rods distant. Grasping their rifles, with beating hearts the voyagers prepared to meet the impending peril. The inference instantly drawn, was that the savages, in their canoes, were stealthily rowing toward the rear of the little fort to make a second assault.

CHAPTER V.

AGAIN ON THE WATER.

In the most painful expectancy, the little party listened to the almost noiseless dip of the cautiously handled oars. To their surprise, the sound, instead of coming nearer, appeared to recede.

"They have, perhaps, missed their way in the fog," whispered Major Hallowell. "Or it may be only a boat sent to reconnoitre. Hist! there it comes again."

Above the gentle lapse of the water could once more be distinguished the wonderfully wary approach. This time, the craft, whatever it was, almost brushed against the side of the boat in which was the Major. An intense whisper reached his ears—

"Colonel, Captain, Major, where are ye! Hist! hist!"

"It is Skale and Williams!" spoke Hallowell, in quick, subdued tones of joy. "Here, Hiram! softly, to the right. We're all aboard."

"Boil my bones!" came from Tom Williams, in a sort of whispered ejaculation, "but this here's powerful blind boatin'. Push off, if ye're ready, boys. There's little time to lose. We've stole one of the red devils' canoes, and we'll follow you close."

In a moment they pushed away from the shore, out on the dark waters, rowing and drifting together, they knew not whither. After they had left the island, as they supposed, about a quarter of a mile to the north, suddenly, through the misty air, came a faint flash of fire-arms, succeeded by loud reports and a series of unearthly whoops.

"Do you hear that!" exclaimed Hiram Skale. "The red skins are storming our fort. Won't they be mad when they find us gone! Yell away, you scalpin' dogs, we're willing you should have the island and what's left of the old Helicon, but not us. Lord, keep this fog long on the waters and guide us right!" he concluded, with an earnestness that was really prayer.

Louder and more enraged cries were now borne to the ears of the escaping whites, indicating that the savages had discovered that their supposed victims had departed.

"The woods are full of the brutes," continued the scout. "They seem to have just come down—on a fishing expedition, perhaps, though they all wear the war-paint. Tom and I had a serious rub, we had. We could have got away, easily enough, much sooner, but Tom was desperate stubborn and wouldn't leave till he got a boat. Ha! ha! we went right among the fools, and they a looking for us a mile away. 'Twas little more than luck that carried us back, for there was no sure steering. It was just about as much as we could do to tell whether we we were going for'ards or back'ards."

"Did you succeed in destroying any of the canoes?" inquired Col. Westburn.

"Nary one," put in Tom, with a rough expression of his still great chagrin, as he thought how nearly they had achieved that object. "But we came dodgin' close to doin' it. A particular meddlin' red skin had to step up jest as we were about to sink the fleet, reservin' one or two o' the best, to make up for the loss o' the Hel—the Hel—what's her name?"

"The Helicon, Tom," suggested Captain Morris.

"Yes, sir, the Helicon; I kin allers think o' the *last* part," replied the scout, with a touch of humor.

"All the Injun craft in creation wouldn't make up for the loss o' that schooner," spoke up one of the sailors, in defence of the wrecked vessel. "And I wish we was aboard o' her now, and she afloat, for this here sort o' circumnavigation don't suit Bill Bolton, nohow. It's my opinion that we won't be far from where we started, by daylight."

"Heaven direct us better than that," said Major Hallowell. "And yet," he added, in apprehension, "how uncertain must be our progress. Are you not very weary, Miss Westburn?" he inquired.

No answer was given to his question, and bending low over the place where Isabel had been seated, her deep and regular breathing informed him that the poor girl, utterly worn out by her long trial, was peacefully sleeping. Milly, too, was evidently in the land of dreams. Taking off his cloak, he placed it over their unconscious forms, murmuring softly of Isabel—

"May her slumber be long, and when she awakes may it be in the midst of fewer perils."

"My poor child," murmured the Colonel, when Earnest had informed him of the present happy condition of his daughter. "She has been fearfully tried and alarmed within the past few months. God preserve her if He does me, for she is all I have left. Pardon me, Major Hallowell," he said, after a moment's pause. "I have many and true friends remaining, of whom you are one."

"I understand your feelings, sir, fully. None can take the place of those who are bound to us by the ties of natural relationship. May a kind Providence protect us all. But should some of us be doomed to perish, let it be myself, before your noble daughter." The concluding words were spoken in low and trembling tones of feeling, and the Colonel caught at once their furthest meaning.

"Yes, Heaven preserve her, for my sake—and for yours," he softly responded.

The father had observed, as indeed had all, the growing devotion of the young man for his child, and he rejoiced in the fact; for he knew that Earnest Hallowell was one with whom her future, if they were permitted to live, could be safely trusted. His implied approval of this up-springing love, gladdened the young soldier's heart, and for a brief time, the latter forgot the gloomy and peril-fraught circumstances of their situation.

For hours the weary men toiled at the sweeps and oars. It was impossible to guess how far they were being borne from their foes, and the coming of the dawn and the lifting of the fog, if it should lift with the rising of the sun, were awaited with the most intense and anxious interest. Nothing more had been heard of the savages, and it was hoped they had been left far behind.

"There's no telling, I warn you," said Skale. "I don't want to discourage you or alarm you without reason; but I've been afloat in a fog before, and it's just like wandering in the woods with your eyes shut. You may be a getting out, and then again, you mayn't. We've done the very best we could, and that's comforting, under any circumstances. We've managed to keep from striking shore, and that's rather more than I expected. Keep up heart, boys, but be ready for anything unpleasant we may have to know when daylight comes. If there was no fog there might be wind, and *that* wouldn't suit, while the vapor has served us a mighty good turn, already. Some of you had better rest, now, and be ready to relieve the others. There's no living without sleeping."

The suggestion was agreed to, and a number of the party gave themselves up to quick-coming slumber. Toward morning, the fog appeared to grow doubly dense, resting upon the surface with an almost suffocating closeness. The extraordinary density of the vapor, and the utter silence of the air, were somewhat alarming, for a change of too violent a character would probably succeed. Moreover, the atmospere was growing much warmer than the mere coming of sunrise would warrant. It was already almost sultry.

"My God! are we to have a storm?" exclaimed Captain Morris, who, with a sailor's instinctive foreboding, felt that an elemental disturbance was brewing. "The sun went down last night altogether too grand and golden. Those magnificent, misty sunsets often herald a foul day. Besides, the weather cleared quite too sudden, and with a brisk wind, shifting and falling before you knew it."

"In case of a tempest or even a brief squall our chance of escape by land or water will be narrow indeed," said the Major, mournfully, as he thought to what new danger she whom he loved might shortly awaken. He had hoped that by the time she rose from her slumber they would be enabled to announce a definite prospect of escape.

The air began to stir uneasily, fluttering the curtains of the fog, but with no fresh, light motion.

"God help us!" ejaculated Colonel Westburn. "Was not that thunder?" A dull, rumbling sound was borne to their ears from the southward, filling the hearts of the perplexed voyagers with new alarm.

"That's thunder, and no mistake," asserted Hiram Skale. "April thunder, and wind behind it."

It was now quite light—sunrise in fact—though it was still impossible through the veil of mist to see more than a few rods around. Imagine the situation of this little party—lost on a lake that threatened soon to rise in billows—a rude raft, a small boat and a canoe their only protection from the waves—a thunder-storm gathering not far away—and a shore on which watched a savage enemy their only refuge, should the waters spare them. No wonder that their brave hearts quailed, their faces blanched, as they realized the full extent of the gathering danger.

Again that heavy boom rolled across the lake, spreading its solemn vastness of sound, like a mighty ripple, far in every direction.

Isabel awoke in some confusion, not immediately remembering their position. The anxious faces of the men alarmed her.

"What is it?" she inquired. "Is there any new peril?"

"Alas! I fear so," replied her father. "It is morning as you see, but the dawn does not decrease our apprehensions. A storm is approaching, and we are almost helpless to meet it. Not for my sake am I so concerned, but for yours, my daughter."

"Think no more of me than of the others, father," spoke the brave girl.

"Ah! that is impossible," sighed the Major to himself, as he received the greetings of our heroine.

"Did you rest well on your uncomfortable couch?" he asked.

"It was a bed of down to me. And you—have you also slept?"

"We rested by turns during the night."

"How are our wounded ones this morning?" she inquired, turning to old Simon.

"A leetle stiff, for my own part, thank'e, Miss Isabel, but not dead yet by a heap. Them thar wet cloths do keep down the fire o' a wound wonderful," said the borderer, with a pleased look on his rough, scarred features, as he extended his injured arm to the inspection of his fair nurse.

"You are doing finely, Simon, and will soon be well."

"Yes, Miss Isabel, if we don't all drown afore morn. Thar! child, I don't mean to skeer you, but it do look powerful doleful to me."

"God will help us, Simon. We will hope to the last."

"You cheery crectur!" cried the old man in enthusiasm. "Your the gal for the border, and ef I was only on dry land I'd feel more like a hopin'. Ole Simon never gives up ashore, but this shaky water don't agree with him no how."

The thunder soon became more frequent, and the flash of the lightning could occasionally be observed. Colonel Westburn now addressed his comrades, respecting the probable result of the coming storm, and their future action should any survive.

"We shall soon go ashore or to the bottom, friends," he said, "and as it is possible that it may be the former, I wish to make a few suggestions in regard to our movements should we reach land and not fall immediately into the hands of our enemies. It would not be well, I think, for us to attempt to keep together. The forest is no doubt roamed in every direction by Indians, as the region yonder is at this time the very centre of the war-path. By scattering, it is probable that some of us will escape to Harrison's army, now very likely near the Maumee. I shall of course endeavor to keep with my daughter, and the favor I am about to ask of each and all of you, and which in turn I am ready to promise you, is that whoever succeeds in escaping, will return with assistance if it can be obtained, and try to save the others, if there is the least probability of their surviving. There are brave men in the army who will volunteer for such an expedition at any moment. And now what have you to say in response?"

A ringing cheer was the sufficient answer to the Colonel's proposition.

"That thar's the talk!" cried Tom Williams, enthusiastically. "That's the border feelin'—stick to one another, (or as the Curnel says separate, which means in speerit the same thing in this har case), and no leavin' a feller-human to roast while thar's a chance o' savin him."

"Hurrah!" was the cry of the gallant sailors and borderers in reply to this. The fog now to the northward was lifting, while to the southward and eastward it seemed to be settling and gathering in deeper gloom. It was from this quarter that the storm was about to sweep.

Major Hallowell took his seat by the side of Isabel. The wind was rising, and the surface of the lately quiet lake was becoming agitated. The raft and boat were drifting faster on, though as yet those they bore knew not in what direction. In that dreadful hour, with the gloom of the tempest enveloping them, the young soldier, bending close toward the beautiful heroine at his side, said in low tones of thrilling tenderness:

"We may soon perish, Isabel, in these wild waters, or be driven to a worse fate on shore; but I must tell you even in these awful moments how dear you have become to me—how little life would be without you. Oh, Isabel, I love you! Tell me in this hour that may be our last, that as more than a friend you would mourn me were I to die and you survive?"

The darkness of the storm hardly permitted him to behold her face, but she had understood him, and as to his joy he saw that on it there was an answering look, he clasped her trembling hand in his, while a heavenly rapture filled his soul.

"The shore! the shore!" at that moment shouted a voice on the raft. Those in the boat looked eagerly ahead, and there through the lately-lifted, but now fast-closing mist, they saw the wooded mainland, while not distant to the north lay the very island they had last night left! the blazing wreck of the Helicon, evidently fired by the savages, and the scattered ruins of the little fort!

"My God! My God!" groaned Phillip Westburn, thinking of his daughter. "Shall I again advise her as I did on board the Helicon? Oh, this is dreadful!"

The raft in its unwieldy rising and falling motion threatened to strike and submerge the boat to which it was still attached. The ropes were therefore cut, and quickly separating in the blinding darkness, for it was almost like night, the two swept shoreward with their terror-stricken occupants. We will follow for the present the fortunes of those in the boat. Their last glimpse of the raft showed the brave Captain and his men, holding on as best they could to the unmanageable float, grasping also their rifles, ready to fire upon the cruel foe that doubtless would soon discover them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. Temple's Secret.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Dr. Temple was an American; but he had abandoned his native country, as report said, and as, indeed, he himself told me—forever.

I found him some years ago in Paris, quietly settled down to the practice of his profession; if any body from the days of Charlemagne, to those of Napoleon III—the then reigning monarch, could ever be said to be "settled down" in that wonderful metropolis of the French.

I had never heard of him in our own country, but I no sooner saw—

DR. LESLIE TEMPLE,
(AMERICAN,)

over his office door, than I framed some pretext to enter, and soon made my way to his friendship; not an easy task, for Temple was often a moody, uniformly a reticent man, and I the veriest type of "Young America" that had ever crossed the waters for the single purpose of sight-seeing, including, of course, literally and figuratively, an insight into human nature.

I was a graduate in medicine myself. My father, though possessed, thank heaven! of a good large share of this world's goods, had required each of his sons to select a profession; in readiness for the accident of his riches serving him the naughty trick of "taking to themselves wings and flying away," as they are reported on the highest authority frequently to do. Hence I had become a disciple of Galen, without ever supposing that the piece of parchment in my portmanteau with the knotty Latin inscription, would, through all time, be any thing but an honorary distinction. And I found myself as I have indirectly mentioned in an unusual state of felicity, for I had a liberal supply of "ready rhino" in my pockets, and no one to look after me particularly—in Paris.

In our native country, Dr. Temple and I might have resided within a few blocks of each other in any of our large cities, without ever forming an acquaintance during the natural course of our lives; as it was, a brotherhood in profession as in nationality, drew us together with a strong fellow feeling; and we shook hands cordially on an accidental encounter, thousands of miles away from the land of our nativity.

I was in the morning of life, being but twenty-two years of age, while Dr. Leslie Temple smiled benignantly upon me from the high noon of his experience at forty. He had been in Paris for many years, and had an extensive practice, mostly among the Americans and English, he said, though I found him speaking the French language with the rapid fluency of a native.

He was within a few rods of the Grand Hotel, at which I had put up, as so many of my countrymen do; and I found myself wandering towards his office at all sorts of unreasonable hours, when a man, with any other than a Frenchman's politeness, would have consigned me to the "*Diable*," myriads of times, I am sure. He seemed, however, to have taken quite a fancy to me, despite the disparity in our years, and soon gave me a carte blanche to come freely to his rooms and wait for him, if I so desired, in case of his absence. His office was on the ground floor, for which he must have paid in round numbers, though it was scarcely more than a cuddy, with a glass door. On the occasion of my first visit, I found him here, with a strangely beautiful, dark eyed boy of about fourteen years of age at the desk beside him, writing out prescriptions in a singularly bold, manly hand, whom he introduced to me as "Lionel Temple." I don't know why I had been possessed all along with the idea that the doctor was a bachelor.

"Is this handsome youth your son?" I asked, in quite a patriarchal way, resting my hand on the boy's head.

"No." There was a troubled light in the doctor's eye, and a slight hoarseness in his voice.

"Aye! I was correct in my impression, that you had not committed the folly of marriage?—A relation, I suppose?"

"No!"

The boy raised his quick, intelligent eyes to my face with an expression not tending to allay my apprehensions, that I had been painfully, and perhaps impertinently inquisitive. He glided from his chair, and taking the doctor's hand, kissed it with womanly tenderness.

"I have known no other father," he said, as he stood, caressingly, beside him.

"Heaven be praised for that," ejaculated the doctor fervently, in English, of which I was surprised to find the youth entirely ignorant.

"You saw my carriage at the door, as you came in, Donaldson; will you accompany us?"

I had no other way to dispose of my afternoon, and I joined them in their drive. The doctor, though not a great talker, was an exceedingly interesting man; and the boy chattered musically, with the happy *insouciance* of childhood. I could but notice from time to time, the marked tenderness of Temple's manner towards this youth. How he encouraged him in his incessant jabber! How he smiled, and patted him on the head, at the least manifestation of sprightliness; while my very best *bon-mots*—and I had acquired some reputation in that line—were frequently lost upon him! I should have much preferred conversing with the doctor, in my own vernacular; but I observed on

this—as on all subsequent occasions—that whenever Lionel was by, he addressed himself to me exclusively in *French*, that he might afford the boy an opportunity of joining the conversation, which he was pretty sure to do, with an utter absence of restraint. We had driven to the Place-Concorde, when the doctor stopped to see a patient.

"You live with Dr. Temple?" I casually remarked to Lionel, as he held the horses.

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"Will you remain with him long?"

"*Toute ma vie.*"

I read in his expressive face, the accusation against me, of an effort to cross-question him in the doctor's absence; so I forbore to speak to him further on the subject. We drove to the *Bois-de-Boulogne* and back; and I took leave of them in the *Champs-Elysées*, still wondering what could be the secret of the association of these two; and if Temple had spoken the whole truth, when he said that they were in no wise related.

At theatres, operas, and all places of amusement, and in all his drives, the boy was so constantly at his side, that a chance absence became a subject of mental wonder to me, as to others, but I asked no more questions. That my countryman had no relations in Paris, he soon informed me; but he was entirely silent with regard to any that he might have left in America. A topographical study of Paris, with an improved knowledge of the language, had enabled me, by degrees, to find my way about the great city alone. Until, falling in, by an unlucky chance, with some of my college mess,—a set of fellows whom my father had had every reason to anathematize, on more than one occasion,—my time was so much occupied elsewhere, that I had not seen my new friend for some weeks.

I was reaping the whirlwind of a series of dissipations, in a rather penitential mood,—with a very heavy head, at last, and a very light purse,—when I found myself, without any definite object, beyond a little sober advice, perhaps,—which I was pretty sure, at that time, not to heed any longer than suited my fancy,—in front of the doctor's door. I let myself into the office, but finding no one there, and the odor of chemicals being anything but agreeable, in the then state of my stomach, I went again into the inner court, and rang the great bell. The door was opened as usual, by the porter's spring, and without waiting for the unseen usher's permission,—"*Entrez, s'il vous plaît,*"—I began the toilsome ascent of the four stories, as it was called. I counted six, as usual, according to my arithmetic, and came, out of breath, upon the doctor, reading at a little window.

"Come in, Donaldson! What a truant you have been!" he said, in a tone that cheered me with its note of welcome. "How are you to-day?"

The boy, thank heaven! was not present!

"I am a masculine type of Jenny Wren, just at present," I said, wiping the perspiration from my face—"'et bad back,' and emphatically 'queer legs.'"

"They are very accommodating legs, to serve you at all, in their natural capacity, for a couple of days," said the doctor, dryly, "from the manner in which you were feeling in the air for the pavement, on yesterday as some of your '*bons camarades*' were taking you through the Champs Elysees. You are seeing the world through rather a distorted medium, I am afraid."

"Wild oats won't keep," I said, with the ghost of a jest. "One should sow them early, you know."

"Have you thought what an abundant harvest you may reap?"

"I haven't thought at all," I replied, foolishly. "I come for you to lend me the aid of your reasoning faculties."

"In what manner?" asked the doctor, pointing to his purse. "Young men never think so soberly, as when the chink of coin in their pockets has ceased to disturb them."

"Then I am in perfect trim for becoming a philosopher," I replied, bitterly. "But not that alone; though I shall be under the necessity of borrowing from you for a couple of weeks. I must sit with you, or ride for an hour or so, until I lose those fellows up town."

"Agreed!" said the doctor, readily, "though you should have courage to face such temptations boldly, and overcome them. However, you have good air here, and if I am summoned out in a direction not suiting your taste, you can remain and improve yourself in elocution and mnemonics, by repeating the poem 'Excelsior,' in memory of your sacrificial assent; or, if you are still too much out of breath, wait an hour or so, and see what advantages a Paris life offers for astronomical observations. In the mean time you can tell me at your leisure, if there is anything of special interest 'up' among your friends."

"No—ah! yes; there is a murder; but somebody is always being murdered," I said, calmly,—because the parties were wholly unknown to me—I suppose; and trying to look as if nothing that was done, even in Paris, could astonish me.

"A murder!" repeated the doctor. "Yet I suppose neither the victim nor the assassin is known to us?"

"No. Besides, it is a day or so old, and I thought you had heard all about it. Some of our fellows though, first discovered the body lying near a grave in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise; and it was supposed a case of suicide, until a slip of paper was discovered fastened to the dagger that had been plunged to the victim's heart, with this inscription—

'DONE IN RETRIBUTION,

BY HUGOMONT.'"

"Do you know the victim's name?" asked the doctor, turning pale in a manner I thought quite refreshing, when I considered his years, and consequent experience.

"Castlemain," I replied.

"*My God!*" This expression broke from Doctor Temple's lips. It was not the light "*Mon Dieu!*" of the French, lisped so frequently and flippantly by the pretty grisettes, that you would never suppose them grossly violating a positive edict of the decalogue: it was an irrepressible exclamation of horror, bursting from the soul. And I knew at the moment, as perfectly as I knew afterwards—when he had told me his story—that the most powerful memories of this man's life were associated with one or both of the names I had mentioned. When I looked at him, his face was whiter than the wall above us; but he asked, in a low, eager voice—

"*Is the foul carrion buried?*"

"Can you mean the man Castlemain?" I gasped. "Did you mean him?"

"Call the reptile *Castlemain*, if you will," he hissed through his clenched teeth. "He crawled through the old Eden of my life with his deadly slime, and poisoned the air I breathed, until I fled from the whole human race that was known to me! Good God! if I had dreamed that the wretch whom I hunted in every corner of the earth for ten long years was in Paris!" and he paced the floor in a state of the fiercest excitement I had ever seen.

"Was the man an American?" I asked, hoping to calm him by inducing him to talk on the subject.

"To your shame and mine, yes."

"He seems, at any rate, to have been a stranger here," I replied. "The Prefect of Police is at work, and the body has been taken for recognition to the *Morgue*."

"To the *Morgue?*" repeated Temple, in accents of horror. "Behold the retributive justice of heaven on such a perfidious wretch! Come," he cried, seizing his hat. "Let me be satisfied with my own eyes! Let me see if I can command myself when I gaze on his dead body!" We were descending to the street, when Lionel bounded up the steps.

"Where do you go? Can I accompany you?"

"Not this evening, my dear child," said the doctor, with something like a shudder, as he rested his hand caressingly on the boy's head. "Not this evening. Amuse yourself with my books for awhile, or go below and play at skittles with Master Henri Dupin."

He followed us to the pave, however, and was still looking regretfully after us when we drove off. Temple leaned back in the cabriolet in profound silence until we entered the "*Rue Morgue*," and passed before the gloomy repository of the unknown and unburied dead.

"The body of the man, Castlemain, found murdered in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise," I said briefly to the conductor. He led us in silence through the sombre building, until he came to a table upon which something lay covered with a dark cloth, and left us. Dr. Temple turned down the pall with an eager hand.

"*At last*, oh God! and by Adolphe Hugomont's hand, not mine!" It was all he said as he looked down on the dead body before us. I looked, too, and was startled by the splendid beauty of a form and face which such a death and such exposure had entirely failed to mar. I learned afterwards that the murdered man must have been past forty; but despite the magnificently developed muscular system, I should scarcely have supposed him twenty-five as I looked upon him. He seemed to have fallen into a calm sleep upon the table as he was. And a half smile revealed a set of dazzlingly white teeth, that were yet scarcely more transparent than the broad, clear brow, from which hair of inky blackness was so carelessly thrown back that one might have fancied his well-shaped hand had been run through it but a moment before.

"Do you recognize a friend, Messieurs?" asked the guard, coming up.

"No!" said Dr. Temple, with such stern emphasis that I feared he might awaken some suspicion in the mind of a not over scrupulous detective; but he was distracted from the painful contemplation into which he had fallen, and hurriedly taking my arm, he turned towards the entrance. When we were in the cab again, he briefly ordered the driver to take us to the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise. As we wandered on through that time-honored acropolis, my companion's pace was so accelerated that I was beginning in some alarm to fancy him half demented, when he came to an abrupt pause by a simple mound of earth.

"Do you see the blood here?" he asked, pointing—with a look such as Hamlet might have worn, when he picked up Yorick's skull—to a dark stain upon the sod.

"Distinctly."

"You thought I had never been guilty of the folly of marriage. This is my wife's grave."

"*Your wife?*"

"Yes. And the mother of Lionel."

"Lionel *is* then your son?"

"No. The *law* allows him no father. The wretch whose body we have just left in the *Morgue* was the author of his existence."

"Good heavens!" I replied, aghast.—"And yet you love the boy as a son?"

"At first I thought of it as a sweet revenge," said Temple slowly. "And yet, as the child grew, so like his mother, and yet not like her, for Lionel *is* grateful, I loved him in spite of the knowledge that the blood of the villain who has been murdered was in his veins! I will tell you his history, and in connection mine. The woman who lies buried here bore the maiden name of Annette Hugomont. She was the daughter of the French consul at the American port where I lived as a boy. When I left college she was the belle of our city, a beautiful, bewitching girl of eighteen. She spoke our language as fluently as her own; but she possessed at the same time the irresistibly vivacious charm of French *manners*. I had seen her but an hour, when I swore that I was more madly in love than any other man ever had been or could be. She laughed at me, of course; but I was as terribly in earnest as ever man was. I followed her like a shadow, and was transported with delight at the slightest recognition of my attentions. By degrees, however, I began to fancy myself encouraged. I saw, heard, thought of nothing but Annette. I dreamed—Annette! She was sun, moon, and stars—heaven and earth to me, but I felt that there could be no peace for me, until, in the face of all rivals, I might claim her as my own. The suspense was torturing beyond expression. There was one individual to whom I introduced her of whom I immediately became insanely jealous. That man was *Julian Castlemain*. He was the son of a mechanic who had been killed years before in some machinery. The boy sold papers at our door while his mother starved in a garret. My father saw the sprightly urchin, took a fancy to him, and sent him to school. My mother called at the hovel he termed 'home,' and for years supplied them with every necessary of life. I went off to college, leaving Julian Castlemain in a printing office, and when I came back he was editing a paper. My father was still helping him pecuniarily, when some distant relative dying left him a fortune. He was such an unprincipled scoundrel, however, that many people, my father included, had already lost confidence in him. And I saved his life one night at the imminent risk of my own, when I chanced to stumble upon him in a drunken brawl. He, nevertheless, managed to keep up appearances before the world; and his bold, insinuating address, backed by his money, gained him admission into good society; but I do not think he was really liked or trusted by any man who knew him.

"He began to pay Annette such marked attention that I spoke to him in a frenzy of jealousy, for his name had been associated with more than one unfortunate daughter of respectable parents. He laughed disdainfully, shrugged his shoulders, and said he was 'not a marrying man.'

"I went to Annette; she grew reserved and angry; and while kneeling for forgiveness, I begged her to end my misery by naming a speedy day for our union. I saw that her parents strongly favored my suit, and she herself at last consented. My father had a strong objection to foreigners; but he was soon won over and the ceremony was performed by Catholic and Protestant divines, with a great deal of pomp, and I fancied myself the happiest man in existence. It is true, I thought Annette a little cold and imperious, perhaps; but she was the spoiled darling of her household, and might naturally be shy of me at first. If she had been admired before, her beauty became the subject of incessant comment wherever we went, now that she was admitted more generally into society, and dressed with greater elegance, after the French custom. I lived in one intoxicated dream of felicity until I came home one evening and found *that my wife had eloped with Julien Castlemain.*

"When I knew anything, I was told that Adolphe Hugomont, her only brother, had gone to Europe in pursuit of the fugitives. I followed, but I have never seen him since.

"After wandering for ten years to no purpose, I settled here, as you found me. Some months after my sign appeared, I was sent for to the *Faubourg St. Germain* to see a woman who was reported dying. I went and recognized Annette Hugomont. She died an hour afterward, leaving Lionel to God's mercy and to mine. He had no claims on me, she said, other than the affection I once bore her. He was born, she acknowledged, eighteen months after she had fled from me in disgrace. Her betrayer had deserted her soon after. Seeking him as I have done, in all the years that are gone, I have never heard the name of Julian Castlemain until you called it to-day in my presence. I have trained Lionel in rigid ignorance even of the language of his father's country. Come, let us return. The poor boy will be distressed at my long absence."

When we got back Lionel ran eagerly out to meet us.

"Oh Messieurs! I have had such a delightful time! And here is a letter the postman has left for my dear godfather!"

The doctor took it from his hand, and broke the seal. He read, and passed it to me in silence.

This was what the letter contained:—

"*Go to the Morgue*, and you will find that you have *at last* been avenged.

"ADOLPHE HUGOMONT."

ELEANORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Have you ever heard the romance of Eleanore, of Eleanore the fair, she of the gentle heart, who died for her country in the dim, fabled days of an olden century?

On its breezy hills, and in its fertile valleys, lies Birkenhead, jutting into the sluggish waters of the Mersey its sedgy piers.

So many years have passed away since the populous city of to-day was but a little village, with its clustering group of houses, its heavy-fruited orchards, and fields tilled by stalwart laborers, its gothic cathedral, and sober community.

Upon yonder northern mountain, highest among the Birkenhead Hills, there stands an old, old ruin. So ancient it is, that many have forgotten who dwelt there formerly. Its battlements have fallen long ago, and over the crumbling facades and walls, and into the decaying casements the glistening ivy climbs and clings, waving its shining tresses in the winds, and trailing in over the rotten floors. In time of war the flag-staff was broken and its banner trailed in the dust of the Mersey's banks. Levelled, too, are the embankments; and across the weedy moat, where the wild gold primroses cluster, the rusty portcullis is fallen.

Once the harmony of music swept lightly out upon the midnight air, and the youths and maidens in the pleasure-yachts upon the Mersey heard full often the sound of courtly revelry that echoed through the halls of Varrick Castle. Once dainty feet gayly kept time in the mazy dance, and the eyes of the golden-bearded Norman spake tender love to woman's eyes, that eloquently replied again. The knightly toast was drained, the lance was laid in rest for lady's love, and many a troubadour from thence went forth to tented fields, with songs of glorious chivalry.

Lady Eleanore, Eleanore the fair, she of the gentle heart, bloomed white and beautiful among the boughs of the ancestral tree.

She had a smile more sweet than the soft light of an early gloaming in calm October days; and placid as the tranquil waves laving an Orient shore, was the dreamy cadence of her motion. Golden and bounteous was her glossy hair upheld by its glittering jewels, with a warm glow over it as of a sultry sunset resting forever among its tresses; and her white, fair face was alternately lightened and darkened by lustrous hazel eyes

"Lashed glowingly,
And lit with darkness even as light."

Many a gallant courtier laid his heart at her feet, in adoration of her beauty. For her the lance was laid in rest, and knight and minstrel sung her praises in the sunny days of Normandy's ancient glory.

One there was who came to her in the flush of a dying day, and whispered magic words, that changed the whole light current of her virginal life into the deeper, spiritual sweep of womanhood's widening river.

In the castle gardens she was standing, under the shade of the crimson-berried mountain-ash trees, with the amber glints of sunlight that shivered through the embowering foliage dropping upon her tresses, thinking of the Earl de Farvonal, whose face had smiled upon her in the measures of the dance, whose hand had held her own all courteously, and whose ardent glances had called the shy and yet half-willing blushes to her rounded cheek.

Once, on a Kentish battle-field, when he had been attacked and unhorsed by the enemy's soldiers, the Earl had saved her father's life.

Shall I tell you sighful maidens and meek-eyed matrons, what she was thinking under the mountain ashes, in those olden, sweet decades, whose history is rife to-day with contention, with clash of amor and groan of wounded, with thunder of battle, heard faintly through memory, as though the sounds came up to us from a great and misty distance? Hush! hearts; and look within yourselves, I pray you! for I own no mystic power of wondrous eloquence, that may utter exquisite thoughts, too delicate for expression.

Under the drooping boughs of lime, over the beds of pansies and of gorgeous bloom, came the Earl de Farvonal, hastening toward Eleanore.

His carriage was stately and imperial, as if it were a coronet graced his brows, dark were his eyes, and fire-lighted with the passionate fire of Spain; and the bright, rich blood in his veins was throbbing hotly with the ardor of his loving.

He came upon her, standing thus, like a delicate lily in the sunbeam-crost shadow, and paused, embarrassed and diffident, before her; nor was the maiden less overcome by the unanticipated encounter.

"Fair lady," spoke the Earl, "it is a happy chance that has made me to meet thee in this sequestered spot. I have much to say to thee, Lady Eleanore, if thou will listen."

She looked up hesitatingly at him, a little of marvelling in the expression of her countenance.

"Speak on, Sir Earl, I am all attention. And I hope the chance which doth cause this meeting may prove as happy as thou sayest it is."

"Dear lady," gently spoke Francis de Farvonal, kneeling upon the mosses at her feet and taking courteously her delicate hand in his stronger one, "that chance were happy in truth did it but cause thee to listen kindly to thy lover's pleading."

He kissed the white, jewelled fingers that trembled upon his palm, nor were withdrawn as loth to take such warm caresses.

"I have dared to seek thee, and now that I have found thee, with what deep-meaning words can I give utterance to my almost unutterable thought!"

Peculiar skill has a woman to master, even in moments of deep emotion, the outward display of feeling, and to cover the impulsive struggling of the hidden nature from every eye but God's. Her voice was musical and low when calmly she answered him:

"Surely the Earl de Farvonal can have nothing to say to the Lady Eleanore that he may be ashamed to speak."

"Dear lady," responded Francis de Farvonal, "vain may it be for me to come to thee this day with my tale of amorous loving, since nobler men than I have left thy beauteous presence in despair, their affection unrequited. But be there joyful hope or melancholy despair in store for me, I have come to thee to-day to speak that which may no longer be silent, to say that I love thee better than life itself, or anything that life contains! I love thee with a deep, intense love that may never grow cold, nor die save with this mortal heart! Tell me, lady, that my passion is not coldly met. Lovest thou me, Eleanore of Varrick?"

She trembled visibly with emotion, and the rich blood burned upon her cheek that was as a carnation-hued rose in a bank of snow. But her delicate hand still lay timidly in his at rest, and her down-dropt lashes were wet with shining mist.

"Dost thou love me, Eleanore, since thou hast no word to utter? Dost thou love me, dearest! most beautiful! most noble! most pure?"

He raised her unresisting hand to his lips and kissed it again and again with passionate energy, and still with deepest deference.

And so the sunshine shifting around them brightly, paled away and away in the western sky, and in the darkling glory of the horizon one softly shining star hung low in the purple heavens above the crystal waters of the Irish sea.

Brightly the golden months of courtship swept on to the music and the song of loving. Each day whose spray-like rays of light bounded over the cloudless Heaven, and met the refulgent beams that girt the silvery Occident, opened to their charmed living sweet and bounteous as a fragrant, dew-besprent rose of crimson-color, and the silver chimes of sunny time counted the glancing hours.

Meanwhile the war of the Red and White Roses was drawing to a close. The Baron of Varrick and Francis de Farvonal had before fought valiantly under the standard of the Red Rose, and at the golden close of the Autumn days they again donned their coats of steel, buckled on their burnished armor, and went forth to vanquish the English king.

In the shadowy, silvery glow of dawning, Eleanore and Francis de Farvonal stood together under the dew-besprent mountain ashes heavy with scarlet berries. Her gleaming arms were thrown around him, clingingly, and her bounteous hair flowed loosely across his shoulders. Over her pale, fair cheek the sorrowful tears were gliding until they quivered upon the quivering lip, and were kissed up full passionately by her lover's hungry mouth that trembled with impetuous emotion, whilst his own dark eyes were misty, and he could hardly see the upturned face of the maiden.

"Eleanore, my darling, war lasts not forever. Soon shall the Red Rose reign over a land of peace and prosperity, and at such a time shall I come back to thee, beloved, with glory won to lay at thy feet, and thy hand shall be my crown! and thy love my laurel!"

She looked up into his impetuous, manly face, and smiled through her tears, proudly, lovingly, with a sweet, higher strength of nobility in the expression of her mobile countenance.

"Crownless, laurelless—came ye even so from battle—my faith were thine the same. For I love thee! and so shall I love thee forever and ever, and ever! Nor even now can distance and battle part us, for whithersoever thou goest there shall my thought follow, nigh thee in peace and in strife alike, and if one fall so shall both fall, for death may not part us long."

"Not long. If I die it is for thee and my country, if I live it is still the same. But that fate is kind that hath ordained the joining of our souls, and will bring me back to Varrick, and my darling! my white, sweet lily!"

Closer and closer he pressed her to him until their meeting pulses thrilled in ecstacy through their impetuous hearts. Again and again he kissed the scarlet of her parted, panting lips, and he kissed her brow and throat and cheek, and the golden, golden tresses that blew athwart his mouth like sunbeams falling there!

"I will wait for thee alway!" she whispered, between his impulsive, warm caresses. "Pray God thou may'st come back to me!"

"Pray God I may come back to thee! Pray God that thou may'st welcome me, remembering this our love!" And his voice sank down to a murmur as he spoke.

"I shall remember forever!"

Gayly the banners spread to the air like the wings of soaring birds that seek in Fall a sunny South country. The martial drum and shrill-throated fife sounded, as heralding in a festival of laughter and frivolity; and the jest, the repartee and laugh went the rounds of the buoyant cavalry mounted on their shining steeds.

Need I speak of the martial companies that, with all the pomp and pageantry of battle-array, marched to the sound of music, of song, and of mirthful laughter through the streets of Surrey in the golden glory of the morning, under the rain of roses and fragrant flowers dropped from the jeweled hands of ladies fair, the dreadful realities of sanguine strife gilded over with vanity, show and frivolity?

How in our own dear land have we watched them, the young, the brave, the noble-souled, eager for the strife, going from home, and peace, and woman's love unto the horrors of battle! How have they fought and struggled! How have they fainted on the march and died like blighted flowers in the heat of the southern sun! How have they fallen in war like the leaves of a tempest-shaken forest. And some of them, all laurel-wreathed and bearing the scars of battle and of honor have come back to us, their brows alight with victory!

Oh! unhappy England! Your harvest fields were reaped of death in those dim years in the ancient time! Tinged with the hues of sunrise, your rivers shimmered to the seas. And suddenly were the souls of reckless men summoned in a time of carnage to the Judgment. And many a woman's heart and life were broken with the blow of battle-axe or shivering lance that laid her lover low!

On Bosworth field Richard the Third and Henry Tudor met and closed in deadly battle. Here was the long continued struggle ended in decisive defeat on one side, with victory on the other. And here in the dust and din and smoke of battle was many a glorious action; many a base was meeting of strength and chance and craft. With fluttering, stained banners, with flash of crest and shield and wielding well of lance, host came sweeping upon host with shocks of death and shrieks, oaths, insults, awful blasphemies. There was the clash of brands that met, of armor hewn. The crash of breaking shields and battle-axes upon shattered helms, and shrieks after the God of those that fell before the dreadful scythe of war, and, looking up for Christ, saw only the smoke and flame—the blood of dying men who wailed around them!

In that awful hour of death and evil, of heart break and heart famine in many English homes, Richard lay low with the lowest, his tresses trailing in the dust, and Henry Tudor in the field of strife and victory, with the ghastly dead lying around him and the groans of the dying rising to his hearing, bent lowly his stately head to receive the British crown.

Honored, flushed with strife, winner of laurels, the Earl de Farvonal stood near the Lancastrian King, who bent, with his brow bared, in the sunlight, to receive the crown.

The Earl's visor was down, and his shield lay on the turf at his feet.

Upon the ground, not far distant, reclined a wounded Knight of the White Rose, who looked up at the monarch, with awful hatred in his steel-gray eyes, and his lip was curled in direst bitterness. As Lord Stanley lifted the shining coronet, he raised his bow as though he would send the steel-tipt arrow, fitted to the string, through the King's embroidered corslet, to his heart, but the English Lord's body interposed, and he did not shoot. The glance of his gray eyes, restlessly roving over the assembled soldiery, fell upon Francis de Farvonal's flushed, handsome face, so alight with victory, and raising his heavy bow, the whizzing arrow flew straight to the mark, striking against the Earl's silken-covered breast, and glanced away, harmlessly, as if it were some mystic intervention had warded aside the death that tipt its point.

Through flaxen curls, through skull and brain, the Lancastrian guard's heavy battle-axe went crushing, with the force of a mighty blow; and the Knight of the White Rose closed his gray eyes over life, and love of King, and desire for revenge, lying eternally at rest; for death's solemn hush had settled down upon his soul.

Meanwhile, away in the granite towers of Varrick, Eleanore knelt at the shrine of Our Lady, and prayed for Francis de Farvonal; prayed that no spear or lance should pierce his body, and that he might come back to her, sound and strong of limb, in a time of peace near at hand.

"Mother of Mercy! protect him whom I love. Let thy influence surround him and ward off blow or evil thrust. Or, if it be decreed an arrow shall smite his heart of truth, and if his life shall be lost in the crimson stream outflowing, let that arrow bound away and drain my life instead! Aye! smite me till I die for him!—My love! my love!"

And even as with bended head she prayed before the shrine of Mary, her soul, pure as the crystal dew in the white lily's chalice, her saintly face uplifted and glorified with a benign smile of wondrous peace and beauty, such as might illumine an angel's visage, a sudden, quivering pang smote her heart, and she bowed, lower and lower, before the feet of the virgin, and lay in quietude.

Thus her maidens found her in the phantomed twilight lying peacefully before the shrine of Our Lady, with the glad young life gone out of her heart, with the saintly serenity resting on her placid countenance. Thus they lifted her and bore her down to her chamber, shutting out the starlight and moonlight, shutting in the silence and grieving. They hid the light from her lovely eyes; and the long gold, bounteous hair that rippled over her face to the ground, was bound and plaited and laid away from the delicate temples.

In the wide-aisled, shadowy cathedral the fathers said mass for her refined soul that had preceded them into the mystic realms of the hereafter. And all the solemn bells tolled mournfully on the hills above the Mersey, that bore the deep reverberations echoing between its lofty banks to the Irish Sea.

Under the brilliant sheen of the golden nooning there came a merry company of cavaliers riding up the mountain path to Varrick.

One there was among the horsemen whose hopeful soul was happy as the happy day, and filled with sweet anticipation of welcome from fair Eleanore. Loose hung his jeweled bridle-rein, and the powerful animal he bestrode sprang swiftly up the grassy path as if it knew it neared its native meads, and already inhaled the odors wafted from the emerald pasture lands.

On came the dusty riders spurring their flagging steeds that, breathless and dripping with perspiration, stopped at the ponderous gates of the castle. The great keys turned in the locks, the massive bolts were withdrawn, and beneath the lifted portcullis rode the earl and his attendants into the thronged courtyard.

The Earl de Farvonal, leaping from his charger, sprang up the castle steps and stood under the arching vault of the hall. Baron Varrick was still with Henry VII, but Lady Eleanore? Why did she not hasten forth to meet and welcome him?

Frowning, he gazed at pallid faces around him, at the terror-stricken face that looked up at him, at the anguished faces that evaded his gaze. And over his deep soul swept an overpowering dread of some intangible, mysterious evil that made him shudder and grow cold as over him had passed the breath of an Arctic blast.

"Why look ye at me so? Where is my lady, that she comes not to welcome me from Bosworth's victorious field?" A subtle flash of triumph sweeping athwart the sudden under-dread down deep in his soul.

None answered. The serfs and soldiery looked from face to face in anxious silence, and then at him in silence.

"Where is my lady? Take me to my lady?"

His voice was clear and commanding, and shrilly startled with a fear cold as a winter wind.

They who heard dared not disobey.

Turning, they passed slowly to the darkened castle-cloister. Mutely and sternly he followed them to where lay Eleanore, flower-wreathed white, and like an angel dreaming there.

He stood upon the rushes at her folded feet, and looked on her with awful strength of love and anguish in his face. And it seemed as she in her silence were not more dead forever than he who towered, paralyzed, above her snowy form. He stood upon the rushes at her folded feet, nor groaned, nor uttered cry, but kissed her, and kissed her, and kissed her, reverently, as though no passionate emotion of agonized love moved him. And then he lifted his arms to the Cross above her, and wailed aloud, although his face was sphenstorn and set like granite!

"Eleanore! Eleanore! I am come back to thee! Welcome me, Eleanore."

He knelt beside her then, and laid his anguished face close to her face, and folded her silent heart unto his own heart. And so they left him alone with his sacred dead.

When the dawning awoke mistily among the British Highlands and stretched over the world its white palms as though in benediction, they found him still beside his lady, locked with her in the sleep from which there is on earth no waking for evermore. Upon the farther shores of the silent sea had she lingered but a little moment in waiting, then had her tender welcomings been given in Paradise.

It is not for us of a bounden, blinded life to strive to farther trace the story of Eleanore, mystic, sweet, and ancient as the years. But, praise God! we may, in the vague hereafter, pass into the supernal mystery where dwell the departed, loving us, guarding us, watching us with saintly gaze, waiting to welcome our yearning, groping, upreaching souls, to a holy, holy after-life!

Han love was deeper than the sea,
And stronger than the tidal rise,
And clung in all its strength to me.
A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of Paradise,
Save in some Indian summer scene,
And then none ever sees it twice—
Is seen but once, and seen no more,
Seen but to tempt the skeptic soul,
And show a sample of the whole
That heaven has in store.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

☞ A Chicago merchant who had lost all his books in a "chilled iron" safe, remarked that it was fine, he supposed, to the fact that the fire took the chill all out.

☞ A greenhorn was offered, at a public table, a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play any biled pipe-stems on him."

☞ Bad boys in Indiana, crack walnuts in church and throw shells at the girls.

☞ Among the last things out in pathetic song, are "My Darling's Shoes." They are out at the toes.

☞ All the fires in all the cooking-stoves in the country, are as nothing compared with the fire now raging in the California coast range.

☞ The astronomers announce that two comets will be visible to the naked eye in a few weeks—Encke's in the evening and Tuttle's in the morning skies.

Burnett's Cocoaine for the hair takes precedence all over the United States.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords," etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.00), for $4.00.

(*Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper,* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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Be Guided by what you Know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS needs the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of this ailment by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry in the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the host of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere local tricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of invalids, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medicinal staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people, having ascertained what is really deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods." nod-1m

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sends his "Family Physician" 80 pages, free by mail) to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

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OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ Mr. Eagan, of Wisconsin, thought he would feel of a circular saw to see if it was going. He satisfied himself that it was.

☞ The horse is a standing vindication of the Darwinian theory of improvement by selection and variation. He now travels on four feet; whereas everybody knows he never had but two feet before.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1871.

NEW STORY.

We commence in the present number of THE POST, the following novelet:

SKALE THE SCOUT;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

By BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "The Tory Brothers," "Agnes Ayre," &c.

This is, we think, one of the finest novelets that Mr. Thornbury has written.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2,00) and THE POST ($2,50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

FRISCO.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HOOD ALSTON.

That marble palace 'cross the way,
Whose stately walls in grandeur rise
Magnificently to the skies,
Is a gambling hell, they say,
Where lust and passion bear full sway
Among the thoughtless and the gay.

In the basement is a bar—
Nearly trimmed and ornamented,
Richly carved, and fresco-painted
Glossy bright as evening star;
Where is served a constant round,
Brandy, whiskey, beer, and punch;
Havana strong or mild cigar—
In short, anything you want
In the line of stimulant.

And the "bar-keep," hardened sinner!
Looking like he might be willing
To go thro' you for a shilling;
Glories in the new beginner,
As he sees him sip the beer
With a sort of Christian fear,
Or loiter after midnight dinner,
To count his gains—how much he's winner.

In another room, adjoined,
Hid from view by silk a curtain,
As if their "bricks" w re quite uncertain—
Sits a score of "respectables" complaisant,
Waiting on a country "jobber,"
To "ring him" in a game of poker,
They are really impatient.

Here at times most ordinary,
May be seen the city loafers,
Sitting round like useless gophers—
Some engaged at "solitary,"
Some relating fishy fables,
Others dozing on the tables—
All on something evil bent;
Not one in twenty has a cent,
Yet they all find "commissary,"
And, what is more strange, are very merry.

Beyond this midnight moral gloom,
Thro' spacious hall and to the rear,
Lit by golden chandelier,
Is the regular gambling-room;
Where many thousands nightly come,
Flushed with manhood's early bloom,
To court, alas! an awful doom.
And find ——— a tomb.

Here the games roll ever on,
Roulette, poker, dice, and keno,
Monte, pool, and "three" faro,
Open are from sun to sun,
And I haven't yet begun
To tell the many games that "run,"
Or the fortunes lost and won,
Or the "banks" that are kept open,
Or the hearts that have been broken,
Or the miseries unspoken,
That forever—ever swell
From a Frisco gambling hell.

Diamonds glitter, dollars jingle,
Wealth and poverty commingle,
And, oh! horrid desecration!
Music charms the deep damnation
That no human tongue can tell,
In a Frisco gambling hell.

If glittering scenes like these should ever
Tempt you from the rigid to sever—
Or if you should feel inclined
To take "chances" of this kind,
Oh! guard your conscience with a saber—
And remember going "blind"
Is ruinous to purse and mind;
For fortune seldom greets a neighbor,
Except in honest frugal labor.

That marble palace 'cross the way,
Whose stately walls in grandeur rise
Magnificently to the skies,
Is a gambling hell, I say—
Where lust and passion bear full sway
Among the thoughtless and the gay.

*Frisco—an abbreviation of San Francisco, common throughout the Pacific coast.

AS TO TUCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

Lately I had the honor and the pleasure of getting a peep at the wedding outfit of a nice girl. She belonged to the respectable middle rank of young women who work for their living, just between the "servant-gal" class and the schoolmistress class. Her wedding outfit was composed of tucks. It's a fact. There were more tucks than you could shake a stick at, if you'd shake with all your might for an hour. I gazed a moment in breathless silence, and then shrank back abashed and belittled in presence of this overwhelming aristuckracy. If you'd take all the tucks I ever saw in my whole life, and put 'em all together in a dissolving view, there wouldn't be so many tucks as were the tucks of that extraordinary young woman's wedding garments. Not nearly so many.

She had tucks running up and down, tucks running round and round—nay, she even had tucks running cat-a-cornered. There were tucks facing each other, and tucks turning their backs on one another in a highly disgusted manner, quite commendable under the circumstances; and then there were tucks neither facing one another nor turning their backs on one another, but sort of half and half, a little of both. The number of puckerings which can be put into one harmless, helpless muslin skirt, when a silly young woman exerts herself, is something astounding to contemplate. It is only limited by the eye-sight of the maker. Such a skirt, nay, half a dozen such skirts saw I, your unworthy correspondent. Each seemed to say, along with the skeleton in the frontispiece of Cutter's School Physiology—"Study me. I am fearfully and wonderfully made!"

I should say it was. I tried to count the horizontal tucks of one, skipping the up and down tucks and the inclined planes. I got as far as thirty; then I skipped a notch somehow, and lost my count. I don't know how many more there were. And all together, big and little, there wasn't a tuck among them larger than the width of your little finger. Now, maybe that's fashion, maybe it's style, indeed, but I'm a plain, blunt man, and I can't appreciate it. What's the good of all those tucks? What had that innocent piece of white muslin done to the young woman that she should pierce and torture it in that fearful manner? And what in the name of the gracious goodness, was the great, rough, heavy, loppy, ungainly thing good for? There surely couldn't be any great satisfaction in wearing such a puckered outrage. For it *was* a puckered outrage.

It appeared to me that the respective articles of that young woman's wardrobe couldn't have had less than forty tucks apiece. At least that. Part of this amazing number of tucks she herself had made, and part she had hired made; so that it had taken all her spare time and wages for six months to get herself satisfactorily tucked for matrimony. I give her my blessing, and I hope she will enjoy her tucks.

My cousin Anne offered this demented young woman a new book to read, one day. Says the young woman:

"I don't care no great about reading. Other folks can spend their time that way if they want to; *I* hain't no time to waste reading."

And she never would and never did read any. She would not even learn plain cooking. She made tucks. She gouged little holes in Lonsdale muslin, best quality, and then darned them over with white cotton. I believe she called it embroidering. But it was about as much like the real French embroidery as your head is. It wasn't anything. It was a darned abortion. To this unsightly darning, puckering, and tucking, the young woman had devoted the whole energies of her intellect, even to the exclusion of English grammar and spelling—and when she was done, there wasn't one really pretty, graceful garment in the lot. Not one. They were puckered outrages and darned abortions. Man, beast, or demon, could not have worn a single one of them with comfort.

Probably all that muslin rubbish was this ignorant young woman's idea of the artistic, her innate love of the beautiful, struggling to express itself in material form, as a Boston body would put it. Just so the barbarian woman's love of the beautiful, causes her to load herself down with tinkling bits of glass and metal:

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes."

But the ignorant young woman who cultivates her love of the beautiful by puckering muslin isn't a whit more civilized than the barbarian woman. That's all. Young ladies who run to tucks and puckers as you see so many doing now-a-days, are carefully preserving the traces of their barbaric origin. That's more. I saw one of them in a street-car the other day. You could hardly put your hand on a spot of her that wasn't tucked and ruffled, while her finger nails—*Ach, Himmel!* when she took off her left-hand glove to display a pretty new-engagement ring, you saw that her finger-nails were as black as your hat. I suppose she hasn't had time, &c.

The dear little souls haven't time to read or study, or practice drawing or music, or help their mothers with the housekeeping. But they have time to tuck till they go blind. I don't see what they do it for. Tucking doesn't put money in their pockets or fat on their ribs. On the contrary, it is almost as good as tight-lacing for taking fat off the ribs. It is of a piece with that mania for pseudo-ornamentation which takes the shape of hideous horse-chestnut picture-frames and beechnut "catch-alls"—rightly named catch-alls, for they infallibly catch all the dirt that is going. Every other house you go into in the country has its best rooms loaded down with these diabolical, dust-catching contraptions; and you can't so much as touch one of the infernal things but you are blinded by a shower of varnished acorns, and pounded upon the head by a mess of varnished buck-eyes.

I'm sick of seeing 'em!

Where's the beauty of a melon-seed daubed against a piece of blue pasteboard? And now I think of it, I remember a certain pin-cushion, made by one of the already-mentioned young woman's companions, who took a spell of high art on her, I suppose, and contrived this said pin-cushion as a bridal gift to her friend. She developed it out of the depths of her inner consciousness. It was a piece of blue pasteboard, half the size of a common small washstand to begin on. Then it had four pine cones struck upon end at the four corners of it, like four chimney-pots on a smoky flue. It was filled in around the edges with varnished melon-seeds and black beans. Then came a layer of red and yellow worsted darning work, and finally, in the centre, albeit it happened by mere accident to be rather on one side, perched upon a diminutive platform of state, was the climax of glory, a tough, lumpy, hard knot of a pin-cushion about the size of a door-knob, and about as useful for what it was made for as a dried walnut would have been. As sure as you are born the thing was so ugly it made you wink to look at it. Yet the universal verdict of all the young women in the middle rank of life who beheld it, was that it was an object of perfect beauty, lovely to the eye. And I don't know how many times the monstrosity was repeated by the other young ladies, both those who were and those who were not going to be married.

It is not easy to discern why the average young woman's love of the beautiful is obliged to develop itself into puckered muslin and varnished beechnuts. Especially when there is so much that is pleasant and beautiful for girls, and particularly country girls, to do and be in the world. When they might make of themselves almost everything that is both useful and ornamental. Such rare fruit and lovely flowers as they might cultivate, all themselves. Such paradises as they might make of the grounds around their homes, no matter how poor both they and their homes are. Such stores of precious literature as they might gather up, instead of wearing their eyes out in ruining good white muslin. But I dare say an earthly paradise, full of refinement, music and beauty, is nothing to the bliss of wearing forty tucks, flopping around the young lady's feet, weighing her down, and taking a good hour in the ironing. Oh, no! And all our scolding won't mend matters in the least. Oh, no! again. So let us save our breath.

PROPOSALS AND REFUSALS;

OR, ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

As soon as young ladies go into general society, they are liable to receive attentions that indicate a particular regard; and long before they are really old enough to form any such ties, they often receive matrimonial overtures. It is, therefore, necessary to know how to treat them.

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment he can pay you; and however undesirable to you these gifts may be, they should be courteously and kindly declined, and since a refusal is, to most men, not only a disappointment, but a mortification, it should be prevented, if possible.

Men have various ways of cherishing and declaring their attachment; those who indicate the bias of their feelings in many intelligible ways before they make a direct offer, can generally be spared the pain of a refusal.

If you do not mean to accept a gentleman who is paying you marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can; you should not allow him to escort you; you should show your displeasure when joked about him; and if sounded by a mutual friend, let your want of reciprocal feeling be very apparent.

You may, however, be taken entirely by surprise, because there are men who are so secret in these matters that they do not even let the object of their affections suspect their preference, until they suddenly declare themselves as lovers and suitors.

In such a case as that, you will need all your presence of mind, or the hesitation produced by surprise may give rise to false hopes. If you have any doubt upon the matter, you may fairly ask time to consider of it, on the grounds of your never having thought of the gentleman in the light of a lover before; but if you are resolved against the suit, endeavor to make your answer so decided as to finish the affair at once. Inexperienced girls sometimes feel so much the pain they are inflicting, that they use phrases which feed a lover's hopes, but this is mistaken tenderness; your answer should be as decided as it is courteous.

Whenever an offer is made in writing, you should reply as soon as possible; and having, in this case, none of the embarrassment of a personal interview, you can make such a selection of words, as will best convey your meaning. If the person is estimable, you should express your sense of his merit, and your gratitude for his preference in strong terms; and put your refusal of his hand on the score of your not feeling for him that peculiar preference necessary to the union he seeks. This makes a refusal as little painful as possible, and soothes the feelings you are obliged to wound.

The gentleman's letter should be returned in your reply, and your lips should be closed upon the subject ever afterwards. It is his secret, and you have no right to tell it to any one; but if your parents are your confidential friends on all other occasions, he will not blame you for telling them.

Your young female friends should never be allowed to tease or banter you into the betrayal of this secret. You cannot turn your ingenuity to better account than by baffling their curiosity.

Some girls are tempted to tell of an offer and refusal, in order to account for a cessation of those attentions on the part of the gentleman, which have been so constant and marked as to be observed by their friends. But this is no sufficient reason for telling another's secret.

If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman whose hand you have refused, you should do it with frank cordiality, and put him at ease by behaving as if nothing particular had passed between you. If this manner of yours is so far mistaken as to lead to a renewal of the offer, let him at once see that he has nothing to hope from importunity, and that if he would preserve your friendship he must seek for nothing more.

Never think the less of a man because he has been refused, even if it be by a lady whom you do not highly value. It is nothing to his disadvantage. In exercising their prerogative of making the first advances, the wisest will occasionally make great mistakes, and the best are drawn into an affair of this sort against their better judgment, and both are but too happy if they escape with only the pain of being refused.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—When we are announced in the daily prints that Display is in disgrace, and that no real lady will now be seen in the streets in anything like an elaborate costume, that jewelry is discarded, and that no one who expects to pass muster in polite society will even carry a watch, and then when we go out on our fashionable promenades and see such crowds of pretty feminines, and such worlds of graduated flounces, and an amount of jewelry sufficient to stock a dollar store and put it in good running order, what are we to think?

Now that is not a neat conundrum I know; it is long and complicated, when it should be brief and to the point; but I'd like to have you "guess it," all the same.

My own individual opinion on the subject is, that ladies are just as anxious to look pretty now as ever they were, and that they have no more idea of giving up any of the little accessories to a fine appearance than the camel has of giving up his hump. And that last remark sets me to think of another thing—of a rumor just promulgated, to the effect that bustles, *tournures*, panniers—call them anything you like, they have a local habitation and any number of names—are going out of fashion, that the more elegant ladies flatly refuse to bunch up costly velvets and rich gros-grains over them, for the reason that the material is creased and crushed and ultimately ruined; and as for wearing an immense pannier with a not over-full skirt falling naturally, they *will not*. So I suppose the fashion is doomed. It will take some time, of course, to reduce society to its natural dimensions, as radical changes are less favored in fashion than in politics. They will come down gradually, I suppose. The great semi-balloon of wire will grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," until by spring, perhaps, they will have entirely disappeared. It will be bad for the manufacturers—those who have gone into bustles exclusively and staked their all on fashion's constancy, forgetful that the style has ever been ephemeral, and one, too, capable of great subterfuges in the way of old newspapers and the like. There will be confusion in their ranks! But then "bustle and confusion" were always allied. So, where's the wonder?

A substitute for the hoop-skirt has been brought out within the week also, which consists of a long plainly gored skirt of crinoline, with a front breadth of fine muslin, either plain, or tucked, or embroidered, according to the price, while the back breadths are covered with overlapping ruffles of graduated widths. It is said to support the dress admirably, and I've no doubt it does, but who supports the *skirt?* I am afraid it will be a long time before they invent anything better than the neat, flexible *hoop* skirt that manufacturers have been to such pains and expense to perfect for us—an article of dress answering every requirement, and yet one that has been petted, praised, abused and censured until it hardly knows whether it has any business among fashionables or not.

But to leave "skeletons" and come back to something more substantial, I will say that

WATERPROOF CLOAKS

are an institution this year, and take rank away above anything they have ever aspired to. It does seem a little ridiculous though to give articles that are suggestive of nothing but clouds and thorough drenchings, such names as "The Kellogg," "The Nilsson," and "The Patti." It was in bad taste enough to apply them to pretty bonnets, fairy collars and odd little neck-ties, but I suppose for a time we must endure it, and not wonder if a pancake turner or a patent gridiron comes into the kitchen under the name of some successful cantatrice. But I was speaking of a waterproof cloak, and seriously it is a good thing to have in the house; and yet I have heard a lady say that there were two things she would never do, one of which was to carry a black satchel on her arm, and the other, wear a waterproof. I don't know what her idea was, for they will keep you comfortable and save your clothes if you are so unfortunate as to be compelled to go out in a storm; but I grant there is something indicative of crime and secrecy about them. I don't suppose a wife ever followed her husband to see whether he went to the club, or to visit the little widow in the next street, that she did not envelop herself in a waterproof; and we all know that Mrs. Fair, instead of rustling up to "poor dear Crittenden" in an elegant *Pouli de Soie*, cut Pompadour, rushed stealthily in, swathed in one of these self-same suspicious repellants. History is against them all through; nevertheless innocent people have, and do wear them, and it's better than drowning, enough said.

This year we see them in plain circulars with only the conventional hood at the back, and also with the hood and cape, but the most popular shape is a long sack enveloping one like a cloud (*thunder* cloud) from head to foot. It is made with sleeves closed at the wrists with an elastic, and has both hood and cape. This style is sometimes seen ornamented with scallops and trimming of Hercules braid, but as it is an article designed especially for use, and not looks, much effort in that line is in bad taste.

GLOVES

must match the costume. The edict has gone forth, and there is no use trying to get by it. The bright colors of last year are not seen. The fashion has toned down wonderfully and is improved by it. The brilliant greens, reds and oranges are no more imported, and it is a blessing to overgrown people that such is the case; for if there ever was anything shocking to sensitive natures, it was a brilliant hued glove upon a hand which in point of bigness (if there is any such word) rivalled that of Providence. Fairy fingers were pretty in them, as they are in everything, but striking a general average, it was a fashion that could be spared. Two button gloves are preferred to the old style of *one* button, for the reason that it gives the hand a longer, narrower and more graceful appearance. For evening wear, white, rose color, and pale lemon are used; these are worn long upon the wrist, with from four to six buttons. An effort was made to establish the fashion of gloves long enough to meet the short puffed sleeve above the elbow, but it was a dead failure—as it ought to have been, and was attempted only by a few of the more daring. There was nothing pretty about it—but something pitiful instead, as you could not divest your mind of the conviction that the wearer was a victim of scalds, such a bandaged appearance did it give. At best they are suggestive of the kid arms of China dolls, and one would not be surprised to see them pulling out, and the saw-dust flying in every direction.

In the one item of

STREET SACKS,

(or if any one prefers the French, they can spell it "*sasque*"—it looks better in print, but it don't affect the shape a particle,) there is *one* new idea, and as it is the *only* one, I intend to say all I can about it. Not that there isn't plenty of these garments in market—on the contrary every establishment in the city is overstocked with them. But they are all of the loose or half-fitting shape, either plain or slashed, while the rage for white embroidery as braiding upon black cloths is getting to be something alarming. The disease is assuming the form of an epidemic, and if the health officers don't interfere pretty soon there is no telling what may happen. The new *sasque* (French) I was speaking of, differs from a plain one only in having a watteau plait in the back fastened down with three little bows of velvet, and a cape descending below the waist, and left open in the back to show the aforementioned plait. It is pretty with the cape for tall figures, but is prettier *without* for short ones—ladies of medium height can wear it either way—in fact they can do pretty much as they please anyhow—they always look stylish, no matter if their faces are ugly enough to break up a funeral. And speaking of funerals reminds me that a word upon a popular subject may not be out of place. The period of

MOURNING

for departed friends has been fixed by custom at three years. Those who have any reasonable excuse can be let off at one year. It so happens sometimes that a belle loses a relative and black is not becoming to her, does not show forth the charms that make her what she is, and wishing to attend balls and parties, *white* is the only alternative—white with just enough of black to show that she feels dreadfully, no matter how she acts. After a time this becomes monotonous, and she makes application to have the time shortened to one year, and the request is granted. I believe there is only one other case in which the three year system is infringed upon, and that is when a bereaved wife has a most excellent chance to re-marry, and has a superstition as well, that black, as a bridal robe, is unlucky. In every other instance they enlist for three years or the war. But such mourning as we run across, even among fashionables! A crape hat and a thread veil and lavender kids, a bombazine dress with crape folds, and a sacque trimmed with fringe or guipure—I might go on making combinations that I have seen, but if I should, there is no telling where this letter would end. There is only one word of advice to offer, and that is, that mourners, all along with other people, should observe the "eternal fitness of things." Nobody has "any license" to wear crape and lace at the same time, or bombazine and fringe.

As the cold weather and sleigh-riding season advances, a thought of

MUFFLERS

naturally arises, and as everybody knows we had nothing last year but the conventional "comforter" of white zephyr—light, warm, and pretty to be sure—there is some reason to expect that the present season will inaugurate a change, or invent something far superior. In this the interested will not be disappointed. A "nice" and what is better a comfortable muffler for the days of sleet and wind that are soon to come is of heavy twilled silk with borders of gay colors and Oriental designs. These are square, while others are of scarf shape with striped ends and figured centres.

OLIVE KING.

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUNT ALICE.

"How pleasant a trip across the Atlantic must be now-a-days!"

"Oh, yes, delightful, a real pleasure trip!"

"The accommodations are splendid on the fine steamers now plying between New York and Liverpool."

"Yes, and the polite officers do all in their power to make the time pass pleasantly, have a variety of amusements ready for those who wish to while away an hour, or need exercise."

"Then we become so attached to the noble ship, and the delightful company always to be found on the best vessels, that one is really sorry to see land, and be obliged to say farewell to the dear old ship, the goodly company, polite officers, attentive waiters, and all the delights of a safe and pleasant trip."

All that and much more, had we heard in praise of a sea voyage of the present day, and what is more, we fully believed every word of it, and blessed our stars that our passage was engaged, and that in a few days we should be on board of one of the best and safest ships that sailed upon the sea.

We had never been upon salt water—had never even seen a sea-going vessel until we stood upon the deck of this fine steamer just one hour before she sailed.

Well, "know nothing, fear nothing," and let me also quote: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and we were happy.

Hands were shaken, kisses bestowed, tears shed, loving friends parted, and by the time the last visitor had left the ship, she began to move slowly out of her dock, a great crowd cheering and waving adieu, and we were fairly off.

In less than an hour the city of New York was dim in the distance, and then we turned to take a look at our fellow passengers. A motley collection of all ages, all kinds, and of many nations.

A pale German with white hair, beard and eyebrows stood near the box compass, evidently explaining its use to six youths of very dark complexions. They were from Japan, and this was their tutor. Two newly married couples were objects of interest of course; many entire families starting off on a summer tour, made themselves at home, right there on the deck, showing plainly,

"'Tis home where e'er the heart is,
Where e'er its loved ones dwell."

There seemed no end to the children, from infants in arms, to lads and misses in their teens. Good old grandmas kept watch over toddling little ones, and anxious mothers tried to hold back their venturesome boys, kind husbands unfolded camp stools and chairs of various patterns, every bench was occupied, and many leaned upon the railing pointing out the distant land to friends, and many fair faces were thickly veiled to hide the tears yet falling. There were over two hundred first-class passengers, and they were all on the deck. We were in high spirits though rather tired with being so long on our feet, but we did not wish to lose sight of whatever was to be seen, and being all unused to this sort of thing, we thought best to do as others did.

Our feet did ache, but we would have plenty of time to rest by-and-by. We felt as if standing upon the porch of some grand hotel, before entering to look about us, view the surroundings, and when tired of this we could go in to our pleasant rooms, or stepping into the parlors, select a soft lounging place and take our ease in our inn. At one o'clock we were called to lunch, and as many as could find room were soon seated at the tables, and served with excellent fare. Our seats for the voyage were now assigned to us, and our hours for meals chosen, as all could not be served at one time. Of course the children and nurses had earlier hours. All was gayety and good humor; we drank our wine, ate our nuts and oranges, joked and laughed with those to whom we had been introduced, and felt that "a life on the ocean wave" was all we had hoped for.

Finding that our dinner was to be at 4 P. M., we concluded to take a look at our state-room, and see after our baggage. We had merely taken a peep at said room when we came on board, and had felt somewhat disappointed at its narrow and dark appearance, but the steward who stood by assured us that "it would be quite airy when once we were out on the open sea, that a ship never did show to advantage while in her dock," &c., so we did not despair.

We descended the zinc-covered stairs leading down from the saloon, passed along the narrow hall between the state-rooms, and entered our own. It had not improved much, was no larger certainly, and very little air reached it. With two of us therein, our two satchels, hand-baskets and a few other trifles, the little room was over full; but looking in at the open doors near by, we found others as much crowded as ourselves. There was about a quart of stale water in a high tin ewer, two small towels lay on the basin, a six-inch mirror hung above these, and a bottle with water stood in a bracket. It was not light enough to read there, so we brushed up a little and started out again. If we had found the passage-way narrow before, it was much worse now, for during the half hour we had spent in our close quarters, other passengers had been arranging their baggage, and trunks of all sizes, old and new, were set out in this narrow hall. We had been told that all trunks must be put in the hold, but passengers who had crossed the water before this knew better. A good fee to the steward would place a trunk just where the owner was pleased to have it, and those who occupied the largest rooms objected most to having trunks therein. We must crowd past as best we could. A room containing four berths, or rather two berths and two sofas, directly opposite our poor little dark den, was occupied by a newly married pair; they had plenty of room, yet they had placed a large Saratoga trunk on each side of their door, and not a day passed that some one did not tear their garments on the loose screws or broken bands thereof, and when on the second day the groom came out in a fresh suit, it did cause a smile on more than one face to see him caught in his own trap, and his immaculate pants were ruined for that trip at least. It was no use to complain, the "polite" officers are conveniently deaf or busy when appealed to in such cases.

Money can do much on board ship, but it cannot prevent sea sickness, although it can purchase attention, and many comforts even then.

We were becoming disenchanted somewhat with our splendid accommodations already, but the afternoon was so warm and pleasant, and people on deck so lively, that by dinner time we had almost forgotten the dismal look of things in the lower regions. The dinner was excellent, no fault to be found with that. Every luxury of the season was plentifully supplied, besides the substantials, and nearly every seat occupied. We assembled on deck again after dinner to see the sun set in the ocean, a new sight to many of us. We *did* not go down to tea that first evening, preferring much to watch the dolphins at play. How cheerily the creatures do tumble about in the water, sometimes springing their whole length above the surface. At eight o'clock we entered the main saloon, and for the first time found the table clear of dishes, and a number of persons writing thereon, others were playing chess, cards and other games. We remained there as long as possible, for we quite dreaded to go below for the night.

We fared better, however, than we had hoped for, as the rocking of the ship, and our fatigue, caused us to sleep soundly. But oh! the awaking! Day was just breaking when a loud call from the next state room aroused us from our slumbers. "Steward! Steward! some hot coffee here immediately!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORE ENGINEERING SCHEMES.

Now that the continents are joined together by submarine cables, and most of the important islands of the sea united to the main land by the same means; now that the Alps are tunnelled, the great Isthmus of the East severed so that vessels can pass from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and a railroad built entirely across the continent, there is a disposition to inaugurate still other engineering enterprises. In spite of the poverty of France, occasioned by the late war, the old plan of tunnelling under the Straits of Dover is again revived. Three years ago a committee of French and English engineers reported favorably to this scheme. Late advices from Europe state that the two interested governments are likely to make the requisite concessions of rights, and that a company will soon be formed to make the experiment. It was at first thought that the construction of this tunnel would be a somewhat easy matter, inasmuch as the rock to be passed through is soft, gray chalk; while the tunnel through the Alps was in hard granite. Now, however, it is believed that granite has the advantage over chalk, inasmuch as the latter is liable to crumble away and will require propping as the work goes on. In fact, it is conceded that the harder the rock, the safer and easier it is to tunnel through, though the work proceeds slowly.

Other engineering schemes of even greater magnitude are proposed. Railways are talked of to unite all the commercial cities of Europe with those of Asia. The English, possibly, in view of another revolt in India, but more likely for commercial reasons, wish an unbroken railway communication between London and Calcutta. Already it is discussed whether the Bosphorus shall be bridged or tunnelled. The tunnel through the Alps, and the tunnel beneath the sea are only the beginnings of colossal enterprises. Turkey being reached, the Bosphorus passed, not only Calcutta and Madras will be in communication with London and Paris, but the capitals of Persia and China will then be accessible. Formidable as the difficulties appear, these enterprises do not present greater obstacles than have already been surmounted. Similar schemes have first been ridiculed, then thoughtfully considered, and lastly effectually completed. Such may be the history of the great inter-continental railway schemes. Nothing seems unlikely with the present triumph of engineering before us.

☞ A writer in Hearth and Home says: Let the mothers of our girls put on their strength, and out of their own wisdom and enlightened judgment decide what daughters need, and then refuse to be coaxed to send them to this or that delightful seminary, turn a deaf ear to the demands of Mrs. Grundy, but do for them what, with the princely resources of this wealthy age at command, it would be easy to accomplish if they dared to do what is best to be done."

☞ A Russian peasant, *nearly* nine feet high, and *claiming* to be the tallest man in the world, is exhibiting himself in Poland.

STIR UP THE SOIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ETHEL DANE.

Stir up the soil then ploughman bold,
Strew broadcast o'er the land
The seed to bring a hundred fold,
If faithful be thy hand,
Dig deep! and let the rootlets strike
Their fibrils in the soil;
Pluck every tare, for sure then 'tis reap
A harvest from thy toil.

For from the dewy, moistened earth,
Helped by the sun and rain,
And from the labor of thy hands,
A sure reward thou'lt gain.
But brother, is there not within
A greater work for thee?
To cleanse thyself from every sin,
From all impurity?

Stir up the soil in thine own heart,
Lest sinful tares grow there;
Lest lust of flesh, and love of world
Thy hopes of Heaven share.
In all the byways of the world,
Where guilt and crime do rail,
Go work in humbleness of heart,
And God will give the sil.

TWO NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

One was always reminded of the statue of Liberty when looking at Muriel Bashford. Bruce Spooner thought of the resemblance the first time he ever saw her, and he thought of it again as she came in through the gate and up the path to the door that night, portfolio in hand.

There was nothing doll-like or dainty about face or figure. It was all grand, complete, healthful, from classic head to high-arched foot. Not over tall, but so erect in figure that most people thought her very tall at first sight. Her throat was like a column—large, round, and white as marble. There was no feminine droop to the shoulders, but they were almost square, and she carried them well back. And the waist was neither padded nor pinched, yet her robes always fitted to perfection, and people exclaimed, "What a beautiful figure!" when she moved across a room.

She lifted her dark gray eyes and saw Bruce at the window, and nodded and smiled as she came up the steps. He met her in the hall.

"We have waited supper half an hour for you, Miss Muriel, and I am glad you have come, for I am just on the verge of starvation."

Muriel hung her broad-brimmed hat on a hook, and placed her portfolio in a rack.

"Thank you for your compliment!" she laughed. "You are glad to see me, because you can now have your supper. Just like a man. They are never glad or pleased about anything unless they have some selfish motive underneath. But all are not as frank as you in naming it. I will go to my room and wash my hands and face, and then you shall have your supper."

She turned to go, but Bruce caught her hands and held her back.

"No, you cannot go until you take back those words, and say you have a better opinion of me than that." He held her hands and looked in her proud, high-bred face until a streak of color stained her marble-like cheeks.

"Well, what shall I say?"

"Say that you do not consider me selfish or mean, as your words just now signified."

"No, I do not," she said so earnestly that Bruce's heart gave a great leap. "I think you could not do a selfish or mean act if you should try. I think you are the best man I ever saw—the only man I would trust or believe—there."

She broke away before he could say a word, and two moments later came down to the supper table as cool and stately and unconscious again as the statue of Liberty.

"What kept you to-night?" Mrs. Spooner queried at table.

"A new scholar, a little lame boy, who arrived this afternoon, and wishes to take drawing lessons. After I dismissed my class, I was making arrangements with the boy's father and looking at the boy's pencil sketches. He has never taken lessons, and he is a little genius."

Miss Bashford was a teacher of drawing and painting, and occupied a position in Clintville Seminary. She had come nearly eighteen months before with a reference from a Boston academy of art, and had held the position ever since. She said she was an orphan, dependent upon her own exertions for support—that she had no home and few friends, and this seemed to be true, for she spent all her vacations in Clintville, and neither wrote nor received letters. She chatted gayly upon indifferent topics at table, and seemed to have forgotten the little episode in the hall. But Bruce had not, and he followed her into the parlor when she left the table. She saw him come in, and saw, too, what was in his face, and turned to escape him, but he put out his arm and drew her down upon the sofa and held her there.

"You shall not run," he said, "until you have listened to me again. You gave me courage to-night to renew my suit."

She did not flush, but seemed to grow paler under his earnest and passionate gaze.

"Don't!" she said, putting up her hand.

But Bruce did not heed her. "If you respect, and trust, and believe in me," he said, "it seems to me you might learn to love me without much effort. You know I love you, and I believe I could make you happy—happier than you are now. Why not give me a favorable answer then?"

"Have I not told you repeatedly that there is an impassable gulf between us? What is the use of going all over this again?"

"A great deal of use, I think. I do not believe in your impassable gulf. I question you what it is, and you cannot tell me, only that our positions are so different, and that is all nonsense and no gulf at all. There is nothing on earth could separate you from me but death or marriage. We are both in good health, and so long as you are unmarried I shall follow you wherever you go, and renew my proposal at certain periods."

Something like a smile flitted over her face. "You are very persistent," she said, "but I tell you it would be wrong for me to marry you."

"And I tell you that is all nonsense. I am willing to induce you to do wrong if it is in that way. I am sure you would be happier as my wife than you are now."

A glow and color shot into Muriel Bashford's face.

"Yes, or than I ever was before," she said quickly, and then bit her lip at her thoughtlessness.

Bruces' eyes shone with triumph.

"Then we will step over the impassable gulf just in this way," he said, slipping his arm around her, and drawing her to his heart. "See how easy it is! and we will seal our compact in this way," kissing her beautiful mouth. "And now you are mine, and I shall defy the world to wrest you from my arms. You love me, and I love you, and it will make us mutually happy to be married. Let me see! this is August; we will be married in just one month, shall we not?"

Her head was on his breast, her face hidden. He lifted it with one hand, and looked smilingly down upon her. She was fairly glowing with blissful emotion, and her eyes dazzled him with their fearful brilliancy. He rained kisses on her lips and cheeks, and strained her to his heart. At last she spoke, when he pleaded for an early day to be named.

"In October," she said. "Not sooner. I will marry you then."

"And never speak of that impassable gulf again," Bruce said. "We have crossed it, and henceforth our paths run together."

She never did speak of it in all the bright days that followed. She seemed to have put all those thoughts away, and just revelled in the happy present. She was never so beautiful, never so lovable, never so fascinating before. Bruce congratulated himself anew every day, upon the possession of such a treasure. She was like the statue of Liberty, glowing and beaming with color and fire now.

"How strange that you have lived to be twenty-five years old," he said to her one day, "and never married. Beautiful women like you, seldom pass into their twenties single."

"I was waiting for you," she said, turning her eyes, dazzling with their strange brilliancy, upon him. "I knew my king was somewhere, and I should find him."

He slipped his arm about her waist and drew her head to his shoulder. "And did you never love any one before me?" he asked, man-like, looking down upon her.

"Yes, once;" she answered, looking him full in the eyes, "or rather I fancied that I loved him, for I was young—only sixteen, and did not know my heart."

"And were you engaged?"

"Yes."

"And why did you not marry him?"

"He grew dissipated, and brutal, and drunken, and I freed myself from him," she said, not looking in his eyes now. "I grew to despise him more than I ever loved him."

"What became of him. Did he marry?"

"Yes! and treated his wife like a brute. No tongue can tell what she suffered. Oh, I feel every day that I cannot be thankful enough, that I broke loose from him when I did. I loathe the very thought of him," she shivered, and he drew her closer. She twined her arm about his neck, and hid her face upon his shoulder. "Darling," he whispered, "it is all past, and nothing but joy awaits you in the future. How glad I am something *did* occur to make you break that engagement. I should have coveted my neighbor's wife, and so broken a commandment."

"But you would never have seen me if—the engagement had not been broken," she laughed.

"But I should have longed for you, nevertheless, and have felt an incompleteness in my life, I know, without you."

"Did you never love any other woman before you saw me?"

It was now her turn to question.

"No, I can say that truthfully. I have fancied half a dozen. And I was just trying to make myself believe that I was in love when I met you. The first glance of your eye convinced me of my error."

"Who was she?"

"I would not tell you, were you not so nearly my wife. It would not be fair. But it can do no harm. It was little Ada Dyer, the rector's daughter. She never gave me much encouragement, and quite likely never guessed that I admired her. But mother had been teasing me to marry for three years, and I had been trying to fall in love with some nice girl, for ah long, and was just beginning to think I had succeeded, when you came, and taught me what love was. I did not need to *try* to love you. Ah, darling! but I had to fight hard to get you. There is an old saying 'three times and win,' but I proposed *four* times to you before you consented, and it should have been four hundred, rather than give you up."

"Yes," she said, "it was four times. I want you to remember that. If the time ever comes—if you ever think I did wrong to marry you, and you see the vast difference in our stations as I have seen it all along, I want you to remember then, that I resisted your pleas, three times—that I did not seek your love and fought bravely against it a long time, but at last yielded to you, and to my own loving heart."

She spoke earnestly, but he laughed at her gravity, and kissed her tenderly.

"How foolish," he said, "as if such a time would ever come."

It was early in September when Bruce received a letter from Harry Doyle, an old college friend, who had just returned from England, and was coming to visit him.

"I am glad he is coming." Bruce said to Muriel, "I want him to see you, and you to see him. Harry is my best friend, and a splendid fellow. He has been travelling for the last two years."

A few days later he came. Muriel was at the seminary when he arrived. She would not be through there until the last of September.

Bruce and Harry were in the garden, walking, talking and smoking, as she came up the path.

Bruce went to her side, and introduced her She welcomed his friend with dignified grace, and easy composure. But Harry just stared, hardly speaking.

"Excuse me—pardon me—" he stammered at length, "but I was so taken aback by Miss Bashford's remarkable resemblance to a lady I once knew that I forgot the customary civilities. I thought at first it must be she."

Miss Bashford smiled quietly.

"People often find a resemblance in me to some one they know," she said. "I think I must be like a great many people."

"You are totally unlike any person I ever saw," Bruce said with spirit. "I never saw any one who was the least like you, Miss Muriel."

They passed on into the house, the gentlemen going into the parlor, Miss Bashford to her room.

"Who is this lady?" Harry questioned. "And how came she in your family."

"She is a teacher of drawing in the seminary," Bruce said, "and boards with us. Has ever since she came—eighteen months ago. She is also my promised wife. We are to be married next October."

Harry gave a low whistle.

"So ho!—that is how the land lies," he said. "Well, she is a splendid creature. Looks like the Goddess of Liberty."

At the supper table Harry resumed the conversation begun in the garden.

"Perhaps this lady whom I knew was a relative of yours, Miss Bashford. Her name was Faville—Mrs. Faville, and she lived in Canada. In Montreal."

Miss Bashford shook her head.

"I came from Massachusetts," she said, "and I have no living relative either there or elsewhere."

"Then it is merely a remarkable resemblance with no kinship. But you remind me of her more and more. Only she was thin and pallid, and you have color and flesh. But she was unhappy, and you I doubt not, are quite the contrary," with a smile from Muriel to Bruce.

"Poor woman! I have often wondered about her. I boarded with her the two weeks I spent in Montreal, and grew greatly interested in her. She was a grand, proud spirited, finely-strung, sensitive creature, but she was linked to a vagabond—a brute of a man, whom she supported by keeping boarders. I never ached so to thrash a man as I did him."

Bruce looked at Muriel, and thought how near she came to sharing the same fate. But Muriel arched her neck with a little disdainful laugh.

"Then surely the resemblance went no further than personal appearance," she said, "for I should not live with a brute, and support him. I believe it is a sin for a woman to remain chained to a vagabond, when she knows she is powerless to reclaim him. No, she is no kin of mine."

"A splendid creature," repeated Harry again that evening as he saw her walking in the shrubbery. "I almost envy you, Bruce. You are a lucky dog."

Bruce smiled complacently with a soft light in his eyes.

"Can't you stay to my wedding?" he asked, "it comes off in four weeks from to-morrow."

"Couldn't possibly, my dear fellow, though I should be glad to. But I must be off day after to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I only came for a flying visit. I have some friends here in Vermont, in the northern part of the State that I must go and see, and then I am off to Montreal. I think I shall settle there in business. There is a good opening for me."

"Good! go there and marry and settle down, or rather go and settle, and then marry—cage before the bird you know—and then Muriel and I will visit you, and see the woman who is so wonderfully like her."

"How did you like my friend?" Bruce asked Muriel the night after Harry's departure. They stood by the hall window, looking out upon the sunset. Muriel wound her arm about his neck, and stroked his cheek as she answered.

"I liked him very much, Liked him for himself, and because you liked him, but I am glad he has gone—I was jealous of him. It is so nice to have you all to myself."

"And Harry admired you so that if he had remained much longer I fear *I* should have grown jealous," Bruce answered laughingly. "I could let him do most anything with me or mine, but I could not let him take you away from me."

She clung to him, her arms tightening about his neck.

"Darling!" she whispered, "no one shall ever take me from you; I will die first."

They were happy lovers in the bright Indian summer days that followed. Not a shadow of any kind ever clouded Muriel's face, and Bruce thought she grew more beautiful daily.

Ada Dyer looked at her in church, a quiet sadness in her gazelle eyes, and thought "no wonder he has preferred her; how beautiful she is, how queenly. Just the wife for so kingly a man."

And the days hurried by, to the ninth day of October; the wedding was to be upon the tenth. Muriel's engagement with the seminary closed with the month of September.

Bruce had her all to himself these last days of her maidenhood. Muriel and Bruce stood by a long window that looked out upon the street. Ada Dyer, passing on the side walk, glanced up and saw them there. She bowed and smiled, and passed on, thinking what a handsome couple they were. He so tall and broad-shouldered, and strong-looking; she so queenly and commanding. And thinking how suited they were to each other, she strove to still the dull pain that always came beating upon her heart when she looked at Bruce Spooner. She wondered if it would not be wicked to feel it, even against her will, after the morrow. He would be another woman's husband, and she would have no right to feel a heartache ever so slight for him. All the passers glanced admiringly at the handsome couple in the window. The Rev. Tweed Hobbins, who was to perform the marriage ceremony, passed and touched his hat with a smile, thinking it had been many a year since he had married so bonny a couple. A sharp ring at the door-bell startled the lovers, and Bruce went to the door.

A man stalked in without waiting to be asked—a blear-eyed, red-nosed, bloated creature, repulsive in appearance and offensive in every movement. He peered in at the open parlor door.

"Oh! she is in there, hey?" and he walked in without ceremony. Muriel turned from the window at the sound and looked him full in the face. There was no agitation in her manner, no recognition in her eyes. She just looked at him with something of disgust and a good deal of wonder.

So Bruce, watching her, thought.

"Will you be so good as to tell what this unceremonious conduct from an entire stranger means?" he said, coming forward.

The man filled his mouth anew with tobacco, before replying.

"I've come for *her*," he said, pointing with his thumb to Muriel.

"Sir!" She took a step back, and looked at him haughtily.

"What is Miss Bashford to you?" Bruce asked, indignantly.

The man burst into a boisterous laugh.

"That's rich!" he said. "Miss Bashford, is she! Well now when she married me, she was called Hetty Bailey; and then she took my name, and became Mrs. James Faville. But she got sick of that it seems, and became *Miss* Bashford; and to-morrow, I hear, she expects to become Mrs. Spooner. Well, well, some folks like variety." And then he burst out laughing again.

Bruce looked at Muriel, and saw the disgust and wonder deepen upon her face.

"Man!" she said, sternly, arching her neck proudly, "you are insane. I do not know you—and you must leave the house. I am Muriel Bashford—and nothing to you. Bruce, please put him out."

"Come, come, my lady, none o' that. That's a sort of medicine that won't go down. You are my wife; and I have come for you. Been looking for you some time—but had given up all hope, till a lucky chance sent me against Mr. Doyle—the fellow who used to board with us. He asked for my wife, (you remember I was jealous of him always—for he took a real shine to you, Hetty,) and when I told him you had left my bed and board most two years ago, and run off and hid where I could not find you, he struck his hands together, and said he knew where you were. I allus' suspected you'd gone with him; you left so soon after he went away; but I see I was mistaken. Never mind, I've found you, my love, at last; and you are prettier than ever, as I live."

The drunken leer upon his face was sickening to behold; and no wonder Muriel shrank back in disgust and fear.

"Bruce! *will* you let him stay here and pour out his insane folly?" she cried. "I tell you he is a maniac. Man, I do not know you; I never saw you; I am nothing to you. Now go and leave us."

"Come, come, none o' that, I say!" he growled gruffly. "You've got more brass than I gave you credit for, Het; but you've gone far enough. You daren't show the palm of your left hand. That has a scar across it that I made with a knife once, when I tried to beat you, and you fought me."

For the first time, Muriel grew pale as death, and staggered into a seat. The man rushed forward and snatching her hand, held out the palm with a deep scar across the palm just below the fingers.

Bruce never spoke. He turned away and walked to the window, great drops of water standing on his forehead. For one moment there was a dead silence, and then Muriel rose up. She seemed inches taller than she was before, and the whiteness of her face contrasted strangely with the glittering blackness of her eyes, that had grown dark all in a moment.

"Bruce!" she said, in a quick, sharp voice that he could hardly believe hers, "Bruce, listen. I am this man's wife. I married him when I was sixteen years old. I thought I loved him. He was very different then; gay, handsome, fascinating, and I was a silly young girl, easily dazzled by a flashy exterior. I married him and endured for seven years all the tortures of hell. You heard Harry Doyle speak of the brute and vagabond that was the husband of the woman who resembled me. The man stands there, and I am that woman you know. But Harry Doyle only saw the lightest part of my suffering. I bore them for seven years, and then I went away. I could not take my own name, for then he could follow me. I thought it was the safest to pass as an unmarried woman. I had been educated in a convent, and knew I was competent to teach drawing. But I had no certificate. I had a half sister who died when I was a little girl. All her possessions fell to me, her only living relative. Among her papers was a certificate of her competency to teach drawing from a Boston art academy, where she was educated. I made an exact copy of this, only using the name I had assumed. I came to this little hamlet, hidden between the mountains of Vermont, and thought I should be safe. Oh! Bruce Spooner, God knows and you know how I struggled against your love—how I tried not to yield to your persistent and oft-repeated proposals. But my guardian angel deserted me, and the temptation was too great. I yielded and convinced my heart that I could brave all discovery, that I could defy all detection, and bask in the pure sunlight of a noble man's love. God has punished me, as it was right, and He has saved you."

For one moment Bruce forgot every thing, only his love for her, and the wrongs she had suffered, and that he was now to lose her, and rushed toward her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Darling," he cried, "we must part for a time, but God will give you to me at length. I can wait years, for I know you will be mine at last," and he rained kisses on her white lips.

She went away early the next morning. Bruce saw her aboard the train, while James Faville lay in the village inn beastly drunk. Before he awoke from his stupid sleep she was leagues away.

For a few weeks the village rang with the excitement, and Bruce shut himself in his house and saw no one. His love had mastery of him yet, but after a time reason began to assert her sway, and he saw things in a clearer light. Saw how cruelly he had been deceived, how great a wrong Muriel Bashford—for by that name we know her best—would have done him. And he knew that he could never marry her, were she free a thousand times over. He pitied, and forgave, but he could not love her and trust her. And this feeling grew stronger day by day, till at length he looked back upon his love for her, as upon a strange, troubled dream. And he pitied himself for what he had suffered then.

It was nearly three years after that eventful autumn day, when Bruce Spooner received a New Hampshire paper with one paragraph, ink marked. "Died in Concord, New Hampshire, of delirium tremens, after prolonged and terrible suffering, James Faville, formerly of Montreal, Canada," and in pencil upon the margin was written: "Free at last, after waiting all these years. God has given me back to you, will you come? North Adams, Mass."

And for answer, Bruce Spooner sent back to her a paper with this paragraph, ink marked.

"Married, upon the 10th day of September, by the Rev. Tweed Hobbins, Bruce Spooner to Ada C. Dyer, all of Clintville."

God pity Muriel Bashford!

A Million of Money.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY ROLFE.

"Christine!"

The royal head crowned with an aureole of yellow hair raised slowly from the vase of rare flowers over which it bent, and the royal pansy-eyes looked up questioningly.

"I am going away to-morrow."

The speaker stood in the bay window, his arms folded across his broad chest, and looking down with tender eyes upon the woman beside him.

Christine Koyden raised her perfect form to its erect height, and stepped nearer the handsome man.

"Where are you going, Max?"

"To Europe."

"For how long?"

"It remains with you to say."

She looked at him earnestly a moment, then turned away. He did not follow her. At last she came back to his side, and held out her hand.

"I wish you a prosperous journey, and God speed," she said. "Do not stay too long."

"And is this all?"

"All!"

If he could only have seen the death-white face as he strode down the gravelled walk, if he could only have seen the white arms stretched out toward him, and heard the anguished whisper of his name by the pale lips, but he did not; and with compressed lips 'neath the thick moustache, he cursed the inconstancy of woman.

By and by, it might have been minutes or hours to Christine, the door opened softly, and a lithe figure glided across the room, and sinking on a stool, laid her head in Miss Koyden's lap.

"He's gone, isn't he, Christine? My heart will break! And he never asked to say good-by to me?"

"Never mind," said the pale woman, turning her face away, "he isn't worth regretting, Lucie."

"I know," replied the other, "but I loved him so, Christie, and it was so cruel in him to desert me for you, just on account of your money."

"Don't," said Miss Koyden, putting her hand gently over the girl's mouth, "let us forget him from henceforth. If I had only known it before!"

Lucie raised herself on one elbow, and looked keenly in her cousin's face.

"Why, did you love him yourself?" she asked. Miss Koyden answered quickly. "Not that; but I am afraid he can reasonably charge me with coquetry. But it is done now; let me get up, Lucie. I am to be ready in half an hour to drive with Major Lyndall."

As the door closed on her stately form, the little brunette sprang to her feet and clenched her tiny fist, while her black eyes sparkled angrily. "You needn't get in my way again," she hissed between her glittering teeth. "You've taken one lover away from me, and that's enough. Quite enough. Miss Koyden! And if you were so credulous as to believe that story about Max Carmenstein, I can fix matters between you and the Major."

In the room above was Christine, leaning from the open window, the rising moon pouring its full beams over her, and shining on her white despairing face with mocking splendor. Only a few months ago she had left the city where she reigned queen of beauty and grace, coming to this lovely country place, where she hoped to find a mother in her aunt and a sister in her cousin. Max Carmenstein, master of the beautiful mansion on the hill, had laid aside his cynicism and proved the power of his fascination by winning the peerless belle's love. But Christine Koyden did not wear her heart on her sleeve, and no one but the wily Lucie guessed how far matters had gone. Chagrined that her plans for a union with the travelled and wealthy Carmenstein were to be frustrated, she gave her cousin a false history of Max's love for her before Christie came; and said there was a tacit understanding between them, but the report of Miss Koyden's wealth had turned him from her to the feet of the heiress. Herself, guileless and open, Christine did not look for deception in her cousin, but her impression of Carmenstein's noble character induced her to inquire why Lucie thought that was his only reason.

And the ready-witted girl replied, "You must never breathe it to a soul, Christie, for I should die if you did, but one evening when we had a few friends here, I went into the library and sat down alone by an open window. On the piazza outside I heard two gentlemen conversing. Major Lyndall was bantering Max about so soon forgetting me for you. And Max replied that he loved me better than any one else, but I had no fortune, and a million of money was not to be thrown away."

So the noble girl gave up her lover without a sign of the pain it cost her, and drove him from her side when her heart cried out for him to stay. To-night, as the perfume-laden breeze swept over her face, and the clinging rose-vines brushed her yellow hair, in mute misery she gazed up at the star-gemmed sky and wished she had been born a beggar. A carriage rolled up the avenue, stopped, and just below her she saw Lucie's white-robed form glide out and welcome Major Lyndall. "Poor girl!" she sighed, as she wrapped a thick white shawl about her and threw over her golden hair a silvery sheen of some kind. "Poor girl! I robbed her of her lover, and after all he is worthless to us both. But if she had only told me before, I at least might have saved myself." Then memories of all their walks and rides together, the sails over the moonlit lake, and all the bygone days passed in dear companionship arose before her, and banish them she could not, so that Lyndall found her not very conversational, and wondered at her silence.

As they passed the Carmenstein mansion, its towers gleaming mistily in the moonlight, the Major remarked carelessly, "Max sails to-morrow, I am sorry to hear. Do you know how long a sojourn he intends?"

"I do not." Her voice was as calm as though she were speaking of the veriest trifle, instead of the man she loved to madness, and whose face she might never see again.

The man at her side turned and looked at her curiously. Was it possible there had been nothing more than a flirtation between her and Max? She looked dangerously beautiful now, and he could not restrain the words that rushed to his lips.

"Miss Koyden, I could not bear you to speak so carelessly of me. Would it grieve you at all if I should leave your sight to-morrow—forever?"

She smiled sweetly, half sadly upon him.

"Don't talk so; you know it would," she said.

He bent his handsome face nearer, and took one shapely hand. "Oh! Christie," he exclaimed, "my darling, my beauty, my life! I love you; don't refuse me."

She took her hand gently away, knowing and feeling that this man was in earnest. "It is me you love and not my money," she said softly. "I believe you, but—I *must* refuse you, Major Lyndall."

He drew back, pale and indignant. "Your money! Do you think me base enough for that, Miss Koyden? Do you—what do you think me?"

She held out her hand and looked imploringly at him with her sweet eyes. "If you only knew how I have been deceived, how *utterly* where I least expected it, you would not blame me," she said.

But he still held aloof. "I cannot imagine such meanness in any man as to sue a girl's love for her fortune," he said. "You might have been mistaken."

She looked up in the honest, open face, and a doubt of Lucie's veracity swept over her mind a moment. But only for a moment, and she thrust it aside instantly. Had not the girl been like a sister to her? If she had only asked him then the question that arose to her lips, "Have you forgotten, sir, the confession you recently heard from Max Carmenstein's lips one evening on my aunt's piazza?"

But she would not betray her cousin, so they rode on in silence until they entered the elm-lined avenue, then Major Lyndall said, in a softened voice, "Let me be your friend still, Miss Koyden."

Her violet eyes were misty as she answered earnestly, "Always! And let nothing ever come between our friendship." So they clasped hands and the compact was sealed.

Lucie and her mother sat together in the sunny sewing-room a day or two after, conversing in a low tone. From her lounging-chair by the window the girl could see her cousin pacing up and down the shore of the lake below the house. By-and-by a man in light gray suit and broad Panama hat joined her and leaned over the boulder against which she stood. Lucie uttered an exclamation. "Look, mamma, there is the Major. I believe that artful creature went down there on purpose to meet him."

The widow darted her snaky black eyes in the direction of the pair, then brought them to bear on her daughter. "So you are going to let him slip, too," she said sharply.

Lucie shook her jetty ringlets back from her face and answered savagely, "How can I help it? You might have known how it would be when you consented to her coming here. Such a face and fortune as hers seldom go together."

"Major Lyndall is a good match," said her mother, not heeding the reproach from her darling. "That lawsuit over the estate in Scotland is sure to be decided in his favor, and then his wealth will almost equal Max Carmenstein's."

The daughter sprang from her seat and rushed to the mirror.

"He is coming toward the house," she said.

Christine stood where he left her, her great violet eyes wandering dreamily out over the water, and a wistful look on her perfect face which was white as if carved from marble.

"I wish I could love him," she thought, but another face rose up before her, a face with clear-cut features and tender gray eyes, unfathomable eyes shaded with such long lashes, brown, like the thick moustache. And his rare smile, how it haunted her now. The smile that unconsciously won so many hearts and kept them loyal. She saw the massive form as it had last stood beside her, remembered the despair written on the loved face as it turned from her forever, and with unutterable longing she stretched out her arms toward the sparkling waters and murmured, "Max, my darling, come back; I will believe you."

Major Lyndall returning from the house in the direction of the lake-shore, saw the gesture and heard the moan, and lifting his hat reverently, as in the presence of something sacred, passed softly out of sight among the trees, respecting the woman's sorrow too well to intrude his presence.

When Christine returned to the house her aunt scrutinized her closely.

"So the Major is going to Europe!"

"I believe so," she answered quietly.

"You are not going with him?" with an attempt at a laughing jest.

"I going with him, auntie? Certainly not!"

"He's been *so* attentive, you know," half apologized the woman, her unsteady eyes wavering beneath the full light of Christine's orbs, "he's been so attentive I didn't know but he proposed to you this morning down by the beach."

"He did not," said her niece, wondering in an absent vague way at the concern written on her aunt's face.

"How undiplomatic, mamma!" exclaimed Lucie as her cousin left the room. "The girl will begin to suspect something after awhile. I tell you she won't accept Lyndall or any one else just now, for she's dead in love with Carmenstein. But I may as well be resigned to old-maidenhood as long as she remains with us."

"Well," said her mother, uneasily, "she will return to the city in the winter, and then we needn't bother with her again. I'm sure we've been well paid; Christie has given us elegant presents."

"Yes, and won Max away from me," said the daughter angrily; "if it hadn't been for her I might have been mistress of yonder elegant mansion on the hill by this time."

"No," said the mother, shaking her head dubiously. "I think he never forgot that morning he overheard you scolding the servants, he never acted the same afterward."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Lucie. "Every one scolds their servants, it wasn't that; only I was telling them not to be such fools as to think they must obey you instead of me. *That's* what hurt the gentleman. Perhaps he was afraid I should want to be mistress in my own house." The laugh that rang out on the flower-scented air was hard and mirthless, and there were lines of pain on the brunette's face, for heartless as she was, all the love in her nature was centred upon Max Carmenstein.

So the summer waned. And when the autumn glory had faded quite, Christine Koyden's city friends welcomed her back among them. All through the winter she shone royally, star of society, then came a change. Standing one night, the last "evening" of the season, under the full blaze of the chandelier, its radiant light shining full upon her glorious beauty; perfect in her appointments, from the slender tiars of diamonds in her billows of yellow hair rolled from off the marble forehead, to the sweeping folds of her violet-velvet robe, almost matching in hue her rare pansy-eyes; standing there, she raised her long lashes and met the gaze of Major Lyndall. A smile of welcome lit her face and she held out her hand.

"When did you come?"

"Only a few hours since. Fell in with an old friend and he brought me here." She longed to ask him if he had met Max in his travels, but pride forbade. By and by when they were alone in the conservatory, he spoke. "It's so queer I never saw Carmenstein in my tour; he must be off in Italy I think. I saw his name registered a great deal, but hadn't the good luck to overtake him."

She smiled up in his face, while her heart sank.

"How did your law-suit terminate, Major Lyndall?"

He thought she had overcome her love for Max, and his spirits rose.

"In my favor, Miss Koyden. It is a large estate, worth going so far to secure."

She twirled her bouquet absently.

"There is an estate in Germany, that should be mine; but I don't consider it worth the trouble of wresting from the present occupants."

He half smiled.

"With a million of money in your own right, you can afford to be generous."

"Don't," she said, with an impatient gesture. "Major Lyndall, I wish my money were in the bottom of the ocean."

Before morning she had her wish; at least as far as the loss of her money was concerned, for her guardian had decamped with her fortune.

She did not receive the news as most people do. Neither swooned nor tore her hair. But clasping her shapely hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God!"

Jewels she had of great value; enough of these she sold to realize plenty of ready money; then she wrote to her cousin Lucie, and Lucie's mother. They returned answer that they were about breaking up for a journey to a distant State, to make their home with an uncle of Lucie's, who had lost his wife. The letter was cold and brief. With a bitter smile Christine threw it in the fire. "The first of summer friends," she said. Then the thought swept over her mind again, "Had Lucie told her true about Max?" People called, and she met them calmly, courteously. They expressed regret at her leaving them; pity her misfortunes, they dared not; she was so regally proud, and seemed so far above them all, even when shorn of her riches. She left no address, no clue as to her whereabouts—only vanished from the heart of the gay city, and the waves of fashionable life closed over her, though few forgot the young, beautiful, and fascinating heiress. As organist in the pretty church at the lovely country place where she had passed the preceding summer, Christine's life passed quietly and peacefully along, though perfect happiness she never looked for. Hours of the long summer days she spent in the church, filling the aisles and vaulted dome with exquisite harmonies from the grand old organ. She knew who had planned the church—Max's father, and that his son had carried out the design, when the good old man had gone to rest; and the chancel window was in memorial of the sainted one—a wan Christ, with agonized brow beneath the thorny crown, bearing the heavy cross, and raising his meek eyes heavenward in mute appeal.

The children worshipped Miss Koyden, and gathered about her in rehearsal hours with eager music in their voices, bubbling out joyously. She locked the organ just before sunset, and leaving the church, walked down to the borders of the lake that held so many memories. On this huge rock she had leaned, one year ago that day, and bade Major Lyndall "good-bye and God speed" on his journey. How slowly time passed! Only a year, and it seemed a century since she had seen that other face, that other form that never left her memory.

A step came over the sand, and an eager voice spoke.

"Miss Koyden, and here."

She turned slowly.

"Ah! Major Lyndall—our first meeting since the night of your return."

She did not hold out her hand.

"Yes," he said, quickly, "I was called away on business the next day; and when I hurried back to the city, found you gone. No one knew where. Christine, you have lost your money!"

She smiled now, and held out her hand.

"Forgive me! I thought you were like all the rest."

"Oh, thou of little faith! Do you think I could so soon forget our pledge of friendship?" then in a deeper, more earnest voice he said, bending nearer her, "May I not be *more* than a friend? Oh, Christine, you cannot question my motives now." The handsome, pleading face was hard to resist, and his love so strong and certain, upon which she could rest forever. But she could not give him husks in return, and told him so. His hopeful face clouded and he asked, sadly—

"Is there no hope, Christine? Do you love any one else?"

"I do," she replied frankly, lifting her clear eyes to his face, "and one not half as worthy as you."

He looked perplexed. "Not Max?" doubtfully.

"Yes, Max." The pansy-eyes turned seaward again, and the sweet mouth trembled.

"There never was a nobler, truer man than Max!" her companion exclaimed with boyish ardor.

"Tell me," said the girl, coming close to his side and laying both white hands on his arm, "did Max Carmenstein ever tell you he loved Cousin Lucie, but was determined to marry me for my money?"

"Never," said Major Lyndall in honest indignation; "he despised Lucie, and never loved any one but you. Not that he made

me his confidant in such matters, but I knew well enough who he meant when he said there was but one woman in the world who could ever be his wife."

"Oh! are you sure?" pleaded the girl. "Sure that he never said those cruel words?"

"Sure! I would stake my life on his honor. He never mentioned your name to me but in terms of deepest respect and reverence. Christine, you have been deceived!"

"I know it," she moaned, "and now when it is too late."

"No," he said in a swift whisper, "though it is worse than death to resign you to another, I will find Max Carmenstein and send him to you. Let me kiss you, Christine, my darling, it will be the last time."

He touched his lips softly to her forehead, a caress as one bestows on the loved dead, just as they are to be shut from sight forever, then he was gone. She lingered by the lake-shore until the twilight fell over the water, then shiveringly she drew her shawl about her and went slowly homeward. The days passed, summer waned again, and autumn came in gold and crimson. No word arrived from Major Lyndall, but Christine knew that he was working for her.

Still as time passed and winter was almost gone, her heart sank at the thought that perhaps her good, kind friend had found her lover united to some foreign lady, and happy in domestic felicity unmindful of days past, and herself forgotten. But there was still a tiny hope in her heart, that her king of men was loyal yet, and would some day come back to her. He might be dead! O dreadful thought! His heart might beat alone for her in life, but that would not preclude the death-angel from taking him from her without one word first, or one glance of love.

Christine was twenty-three now, and royally beautiful. The early summer was drooping over the country, bringing out the thick green leaves on the trees, and warming the flowers into bewildering beauty and fragrance. Miss Keyden had dismissed the children who lingered lovingly, and kissing the last rosebud mouth had heard the last pattering feet down stairs. She put on her sacque of white corduroy and tied on her hat, then from an unaccountable impulse, she threw her hat down again, and ran her fingers over the keys of the organ. No glad melodies came; only thrills of angel music, and sobs as of suffering spirits waiting to be released from pain. She played on and on until the declining sun threw its radiance upon the chancel-window, bringing into life the wan and toil-spent Christ, and making the drops on his forehead gleam blood-red. A breeze from an open window fluttered loose bouquets of flowers strewed on the organ, and stirred the pansies in her yellow hair, which the hands of the loving children had placed there. Her eyes drooping on the keys before her, and veiled by their long lashes did not observe the form in the doorway, nor until it had advanced and stood close beside her. A man with a face so handsome that sorrow had only made it more tender and winning and the eyes more deeply luminous than ever. She sprang up with a glad cry, that perfect massive form she would have known anywhere, even if the dearly loved face were not visible. He opened his arms. "Christine!" But she sank trembling on her seat again, and covered her face with her hands.

How could she meet this man whom she had so wronged? He came to her and took the slight form in his arms.

"Christine, my darling, could you not trust me? I would believe in you if all the world said 'nay.'"

She raised her sweet face aglow with love and feeling, and asked softly, "Did you meet Major Lyndall, and did he tell you all?"

"Yes," he said, "I met him and but for him I should not be here. But I must hear it from your own lips, Christine."

"Oh! Max," she said, turning her face so that he had only a view of one blushing cheek, "I loved you all the time."

So they went out from the church together, the chancel-window all aflame with crimson and golden glory, and the patient Christ's holy upraised glance a "benedicite."

In the early autumn they were married, and then it transpired that Christine's guardian had embarked in a ship with his ill-gotten gains, which when mid-way across the sea sank; so her money found a grave in the ocean after all.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

When, after valuing a friend for years, after believing in his truth and excellence, or her truth and excellence—after holding some one dear, and feeling that mutual appreciation has bound us together, how bitter it is to find that we have been mistaken! I know of no moment which is more bitter, save those which fly as we bend over the pillows where those we love lie dying. We say very little, perhaps, then or at any time. We are not angry; we have no wish for revenge; we go quietly up to our own room and sit down to think. If it were only a case of broken love vows, we could solace ourselves with quotations. We could say that "to be wroth with one we love, doth work like madness on the brain." We could ask, "Could no other arm be found, save the one that once embraced me, to inflict a careless wound?" But it was "only a friend." There lies the volume, sacred because that hand gave it, and wrote your name in it. There the bouquet of faded violets, treasured until Aunt Betsy has asked twice "why you don't throw them away." There the photograph that, for very preciousness, was kept apart. Any one may borrow the book now. The flowers may go into the dust-pan. Aunt Betsy may put the picture into anybody's photograph album. People will tell you that most friendships end thus; that it is best not to believe you have a friend until the ends are over him, and then to think that he might have been as bad as the rest, had he lived a little longer. A love affair, now, there is romance in that. But just a friend—nothing more; why, you'd be laughed at. So you never speak of it. You bury it in your heart, and *requiescat in pace* over it. But no roses ever grow there; even, perhaps, a few thorns; and now and then a heart shiver will tell you that "some one is passing over your grave."

☞ Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

☞ During a hunt in Kentucky, a pointer came to a point on a railroad track, just as a train was approaching, and his instinct cost him his life.

☞ A young married man was remarking to some ladies that it was always the women who ran after the men, when his wife indignantly said: "You know, my dear, that I never ran after you." "That may be," he replied, "but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way."

☞ BALDNESS.—More baldness among ladies has been caused by the prevailing fashion of wearing heavy knots of false hair on the top of the head, during the last two years, than in a decade before. This is the unanimous testimony of physicians.

☞ There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

☞ One who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says that the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon.

☞ Many a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall, by the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

LOVE'S QUEEN.

He loves not well whose love is bold!
I would not have thee come too nigh,
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky;
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his beauty disappear,

He keeps his state—do thou keep thine,
And shine upon me from afar!
So shall I bask in light divine,
That falls from Love's own guiding-star.
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing toward thy face,
And be as one who speechless stands
In rapture at some perfect grace.
My love, my hope, my all shall be
To look to Heaven and look to thee,

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights;
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt not come down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet!

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH SPEAKS OF THE RESULTS OF DIGGING A GRAVE WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.

Hugh Hatterick, having left behind him at Trevegar one who could take the captaincy of his men, and never dreaming how his secret stores were being overhauled by old Mould, the sexton, proceeded exultingly towards the village whither Violet Armstrong had fled.

The place which she had selected for her sojourn away from the home of her birth, was a beautiful little village in Devonshire, which, in the summer time, was redolent of flowers and sweet odors, and which, even in the winter, had an air of freshness and pleasant shadow about it.

The rough wrecker took but little heed of the beauties of Nature. His mind was full of the object for which he came—the compulsory union of himself to the one whom his dark heart had chosen, and who was so utterly resolved *not* to be his.

He soon came upon her aunt's dwelling, a pretty cottage, sheltered with sundry evergreens, rendering it pleasant and cheerful, and the first object that met his eyes, as he advanced up the garden, was Violet Armstrong herself sitting at the window. The casement was not open, for the wind blew far too keenly, but he could see her pretty face bent over a book, and could watch the cold sunlight of winter toying in chilly playfulness on her glossy curls.

"She's pretty as an angel," he muttered, as he strode up to the porch, "and she shall be mine, or I'll lose both my hardly won treasures and my life."

He had dressed himself in better style than usual, and had contrived to give a far less villainous appearance to his person altogether, so that for a moment Violet, who unsuspectingly opened the door, did not know him.

"What is——oh, Mr. Hatterick! what do you here?" she cried, starting back.

"Nay, then, do not be alarmed," he said, endeavoring to smile pleasantly. "I bring you a letter from your father."

With this, he drew from his pocket a note, and presented it to her. The young girl accepted it from his hand with a tremble and a shudder.

What could it be? What terrible event had occurred, or what terrible event was about to happen, that her father should send her a letter by Hugh Hatterick?

She sat down in the little window to read it, and opening it perused it calmly. Calmly as regards exclamations and outward signs, though her hands were at length raised to her bosom, and pressed over its throbbing softness, as if she feared that her heart would break through its gentle confinement.

"So this is my father's command," she said at length, in a low voice, and one which might have sent a chill to the soul of any one less hardened, less vicious, than Hugh Hatterick. "What, away from him, away from my mother, I am to enter into this marriage with you!"

"It is so, my girl," said Hugh Hatterick, sitting down near her.

"Then it cannot; it shall not be," she cried. "This secret, whatever it may be, *must* come out, it must be exposed; but this dreadful wrong shall not, and cannot be done."

The wrecker laughed. "Wrong, do you call it," he cried, "wrong, when the very one on whom your heart is set is playing you false; wrong, when to refuse will be to consign your father to a scaffold, your lover's father to an ignominious death. Ah! you may glare at me, but I tell you truth. And why do I know it? Because I am the man who can do all this; I am the one who holds the proofs, and, by Heaven, if you wed another I will do it, if I fall with them in the general ruin. You know me well, and know that I can keep my word."

The girl gazed at him as he spoke, calmly and boldly. "I will think over this," she said, rising from her seat in the window, "and talk again to-morrow. In the meantime I will see my aunt, and explain who her visitor is."

With these words, she quitted the room, and in a few moments the aunt entered. With her he conversed, with her he partook of his evening meal, for Violet resolutely refused to show herself again.

And so the night came on, and the dark Christmas shadows enveloped everywhere, and the snow began to fall, and the bleak wind roared round the chimneys, and drifted up the frozen rain round the bare trees and the doorways, and began to lay down upon the earth the heavy chill mantle of winter. But in the face of this, and the face of the storm and the chill blast, a figure quitted the cottage that night, and with light eager steps, as if the greatest of joy was in her heart, hurried away through the snow.

The flying figure was Violet Armstrong. Poor girl! She had made up her mind at length. Anywhere, anywhere, there would be a better refuge for her than where the shadow of Hugh Hatterick could fall upon her path.

Her heart, truly, was set upon making her way back towards Trevegar, seeing her beloved father and mother, and casting herself at their feet, that she might plead with them to save her from the man she hated. But she knew there was peril in her path.

The very aspect of Nature was against her—the chill air was against her—the drifting snow and the blinding darkness.

Yet she cared not. Each step forward—each plunge along the bleak highway—placed so much space between her and the one from whom she was flying, and so on she sped until her limbs became cramped with cold, and her eyes began to close, and her bosom ached with the chill wind that swept against it, until at length in fact, glad to seek refuge anywhere, she eagerly availed herself of the shadow of a hayrick, and there, though the desperate cold threatened to invade her heart, she sank down and passed off into a dreamy slumber.

The rage of Hugh Hatterick, when on the following morning he found that the bird had flown, can better be imagined than described. He raved and tore about the place like one bereft of his senses. Pursuit seemed truly useless. He had not the slightest glimmering of the truth. His hard heart never suggested for a moment that the natural place for a sorrowing daughter's head was a mother's bosom.

So he only cursed and swore and departed from the cottage, leaving word with Violet's aunt that he would return, but in reality resolving to seek the Harbor-master, and force him to accompany him to the cottage, to which he felt certain Violet would soon return.

A curious freak entered his head as he made his way homewards. He had not too abundant an amount of confidence in Pouncefort, or indeed in the generality of those who were partners with him in his desperate game. He resolved, therefore, to disguise himself somewhat, and make his way into the town without being recognized by any one, in order that he might learn from one or another not only the doings of the smugglers and wreckers, but those also of the Armstrongs and the Heathersleys.

He proceeded first, therefore, to his own homestead, and placed on him a suit of clothes, the produce of some fearful night's work, and a large cloak, which completely enveloped his form, together with a gentleman's three-cornered hat. Dressed like this, he hurried along the nearest road to Trevegar, which lay through the churchyard, chuckling to himself as he went, and ever and anon halting in the midst of his chuckling, to blame Violet, and coin bitter invectives against the whole of her sex.

That night old Richard Mould, the sexton of Trevegar, was in his glory. Leaving his house just as the shades of evening were falling over the scene, he proceeded to the churchyard, and picked his way amid the green gravestones towards a spot which was overshadowed by cypress and alder. Beneath the spectral shadows of the trees was a grave, half dug.

Old Mould walked leisurely up to a spot, where his spade was stuck in the ground, and leaning on this, he surveyed, with satisfaction, the newly-opened receptacle for human frailty.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, "old as I am, I am here to dig the grave of the man I hate. Ha, ha!" he added, with the chuckle peculiar to men of his age. "I dug his father's grave, and I shall dig his also. Hugh Hatterick, into this place I shall see you lowered, or my spirit, hovering aloft, shall see others do it for me. None, however, shall dig the grave; that's my work—my work alone."

He labored right merrily for some time, singing to himself the words of some strange ditty. Truly a most strange and doleful ditty it was that he chanted:—

"A merry old soul is the sexton old,
As he works 'mid the earth and its prey;
He knows not his time—nor cares he to know—
He must pass, soon or late, as they.

"But he feels that his labor is one that claims
Respect both from low and high;
He lays out the bed for the rest of the dead,
Ere to Heaven their souls can hie.

"Oh! who so bold as the sexton old,
As he wields his mattock and spade?
He cares for none; when his work is done,
By the side of his prey he is laid.

"So tremble——"

He stopped suddenly. "Tremble yourself, old man," cried a voice.

The sexton looked up. For a moment he could see nothing anywhere near him. In the dim light it was quite impossible to distinguish the form of any one amid the gravestones until he had looked steadfastly for some time in the direction of the voice. When he did so, however, he saw a tall cloaked figure standing beneath a cypress.

"Did you speak, sir?" cried the old gravedigger, as he ladled out another spadefull of earth, and tapped a skull that came out with it, to steady it on the edge.

"I did," said the stranger. "I said 'tremble, old man;' you are digging graves, and singing while you do so. Remember that down among the worms will be your place not long hence."

"I know that," returned the sexton, "I know that well; but, as I am old, I can afford to do as I like."

"I don't pretend to know what you mean," said the stranger. "But tell me, why are you here so late?"

The old man laughed. "Can't you see I'm digging a grave?"

"I see; but why so late?"

"It is a fancy of mine—a pet grave. I'm not going to charge any one anything for this work."

"Indeed! and whose grave is it, then? Your own?"

The sexton laughed again. "No; not mine; the grave of a deadly enemy. I am digging deep, digging for his father's coffin, that when he dies he may lie on it; lie near the one his villainy drove to a premature grave."

"And who is your enemy?"

"Hugh Hatterick."

"Behold him, then," cried the stranger, dashing aside his cloak; "and for this, old man, now beneath these silent stars that will tell no tale, in this quiet churchyard, where none can see us, I will lay you in the grave intended for me. In this open grave you shall lie, and I will cast the earth upon your body; the clay that was to lie upon my breast shall lie upon yours; down, down, old man, to the perdition you meant for me."

"Back, back," cried Richard Mould, raising his spade, "I have a weapon here which may prove your death. Back, I say, man of evil; despite all you may say or do, I shall be your master still."

Hugh Hatterick laughed derisively as he sprang forward, and by a quick blow from his strong arm dashed the spade from the grasp of the old man, and sent it spinning away among the graves, where it fell with a dull sound.

"Old man," he cried, "you are in my power now."

"Your prophecy will be proved wrong at last."

As he spoke, the sexton struggled half out of the grave, and uttered one shrill cry for help.

Hardly had Hugh Hatterick seized him; hardly had he raised his hand to strike, when a second loud cry was heard among the tombs, and as the desperate wrecker turned, he saw Henry Heathersley advancing, sword in hand, between the old gravestones.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DUEL IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

Quickly abandoning his victim—releasing him, however, not without a push which sent him flying back into the open grave—Hugh Hatterick drew his own sword, and prepared to meet his new antagonist.

For an instant Henry Heathersley paused when he neared the wrecker. In his unusual dress he did not recognize his deadly foe.

"What means this," he cried, "would you murder this poor defenceless old man?"

"I meant to punish him, as I do all who are insolent to me," returned Hugh Hatterick.

Henry knew the voice in a moment.

"Ah! I know you now, Hugh," he cried. "I know you now. In spite of this disguise which you are using, no doubt for no good purpose, I tell you by your voice; and now as the moon shines down more brightly I recognize your features. I have let you go scot free twice before now; but beware how you tempt me again. From such a villain the world ought quickly to be freed."

Hugh was furious with rage and disappointment, and determined to be avenged. He drew his sword.

"Insolent boy!" he shouted, "this night shall decide our quarrel. No one is here to see or interrupt us—and here I will chastise you without fear of being disturbed." With these words he dashed furiously forward and assailed Henry, who being well prepared for him, met his sword with his own, and sent it quivering back.

The contest was waged warmly.

The old sexton, crawling up from among the clay upon which he had been flung by Hugh Hatterick, climbed up to the top of a tomb, and there sat watching eagerly the progress of the fight, like a vulture waiting and watching near a field of battle, upon which his prey will soon be lying helpless.

The roughness of the ground both natural and caused by the lumps of clay which had rolled down from the heap by the side of the grave, was far from advantageous to the combattants, and for some time it was questionable whether Hugh's constant practice on the rough shingle shore, would not give him the best of it.

But the young heir of Heathersley was no easy customer to dispose of. He fought with coolness and judgment, had a wrist of steel, and never allowed himself to be flurried. When he did lunge forward it was with a meaning, and before the contest had lasted for any time Hugh Hatterick found himself wounded in several points.

This rendered him furious, and his blows fell thicker and faster. Suddenly he raised his sword aloft, with the intention of cutting his enemy down. His attempt not only failed, but brought down upon him disastrous consequences.

Taking swift advantage of the wrecker's false move, Henry ran him through the left shoulder, and quickly drawing out his sword, struck him a blow on the head which sent him reeling backwards towards the open grave.

With fearful oaths the wrecker endeavored to keep his feet, and draw his long knife, to make one more attack upon the man he so intensely and bitterly hated. But it was in vain. His wounds were far too desperate to admit of more exertion. Staggering, tottering back, he fell over the edge of the grave, down among the clay and the stones, at full length in the grave which old Mould had dug for him.

With a cry like some wild animal in its exultation, the sexton sprang from the headstone where he had so long been perched, and rushed to the margin of the open pit.

"Ha, ha!" he said, "you are in your grave already, are you, old friend?"

Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he plunged away amid the tombs, and returned after a moment with the spade which Hatterick had wrested from him.

With this he halted near the mound of clay, and began digging out a large lump.

Henry seized his arm. "What are you doing, old man?" he cried.

"I'm going to bury him in the grave I have dug for him," replied the sexton.

"Forbear," cried Henry; "it would be murder. Listen! By his groans, you can see that he still lives. Watch here by him, and, remember, I hold you answerable for him. Though he is such a villain, he shall not die in his own grave. I will send assistance."

The old man seized his coat as he turned to depart. "Bless you, Henry Heathersley," he said, "bless you. People may call old Richard Mould doting and childish and foolish, and the children may be frightened by his strange bent figure, and his hobbling gait, and his long lank hair and his thin skinny hands; but he's got a heart, and when he sees the people huddling away into their houses as he passes, he only pities them for their ignorance. He never curses them, as well he might. No, Master Henry, I *have* a heart, poor withered thing as it is, and I'll be grateful to you ever for saving my life this night. If you had not come up so opportunely, I must have fallen a victim to his rage."

"I did but my duty," said Henry Heathersley, "but you must be careful to avoid him for the future. You may not always find friends so ready to assist you. Now, good night, and remember that you follow my instructions in regard to the wounded ruffian who lies groaning yonder."

"Good night, sir, and God bless you," said the old man, as he sat down.

Henry walked quickly away, in the direction of the Harbor-master's cottage on the cliff. He had no desire now that he had so severely punished the wrecker, that he should die like a dog, in the grave, and he looked out, therefore, as he went, for some one who would be likely to extricate him from his peril.

As luck would have it, he met Pouncefort and two of the smugglers rolling along the road. A few words sufficed to explain to them the position of their chief.

"Curse him," muttered Pouncefort, "he's always getting himself into scrapes of late. Ever since that girl, Violet Armstrong, ran away, he's been like one distraught."

"Oh! that is not it," growled another of the men. "He's got something stowed away somewhere in secret. That's about it; and this old man, maybe, knows all about it. However, come on; it shall never be said that we left a comrade to die like a dog." So saying, he turned and moved away with the others towards the churchyard.

Henry, for his part, once more hurried on towards the cottage of the Harbor-master. He had an eager desire to hear of Violet, for since her departure he had been able to obtain little or no information respecting her.

He knew nothing of Hugh Hatterick's visit to the little village.

He knew nothing of her terrors; her flight from the cottage; her lonely journey through the snow; her painful walk through the chill and bitter winter towards home.

Though full of thoughts of her, therefore; though her face was still radiantly before him, his surprise and joy may be imagined, when, on passing up the garden walk, he saw by the fire-side within the cheerful room, a form he well knew—the form of his beloved mistress.

There was no mistaking the pretty drooping head, the wavy curls, the graceful form; and he rushed in, with his heart full of joy, forgetting in the pleasure of the moment, the bitter thoughts which had made him turn from her on a former occasion.

She started up with a slight scream, as his quick step fell on her ear, but in another moment she was folded to his heart.

"I was so frightened for a moment," she cried, "I thought it was Hugh Hatterick. He must not know that I am here."

A dark cloud crossed Henry's brow. It brought to mind their last meeting, when all the torrent of his love was checked by her request that he would spare Hugh Hatterick.

Yet as she nestled in his arms—as his heart beat against her soft bosom—as her lips were pressed to his, all his love proved too strong for his colder feelings, and the cloud passed away at once.

"Why must not Hugh Hatterick know you are here?" he said. "Why is it you so fear this man?"

She looked up pleadingly into his eyes.

"Do not ask me, Henry," she said, "do not ask me. You know there must be grave and terrible reasons, or I should not ask you to permit me to keep a secret from you. I love you, Henry—you know it—and I shall ever love you. No human power shall ever compel me to be Hugh Hatterick's wife; but yet, believe me, I am asking something for your good and mine, when I entreat you to let me keep this one secret, which, when we are married, you shall know."

Who could resist such an appeal. What lover, whose mistress looked at him with such eyes—who encircled him with such arms—could resist it?

"Dear Violet," he said, kissing her fondly, "dear Violet, I will ask no longer; but you will forgive me for saying that you cause me great uneasiness. Is it in relation to your father?"

"It is."

"I can guess, then, much more than you think. But tell me where have you been so long?"

They sat down side by side by the fire, and Violet Armstrong nestled into his arms, as if, while they encircled her, no danger could possibly reach her.

"I went to my aunt's house," she said, at length, "thinking that there, at least, I should be safe from the hateful persecutions and even the memory of Hugh Hatterick."

"And you were, I trust?"

"As for my memory, you may imagine, dear Henry," she said, with a blush, "I was full of thoughts of you. But every thought of you was naturally mingled with a recollection of that villain."

"Villain, truly."

"More so than you think," said Violet; "however, even at my aunt's cottage, I was not safe."

"Did he dare follow you there?"

"He did."

"That was the fault of your father!" said Henry Heathersley, impetuously.

"Stay," cried Violet, "blame him not. I cannot explain thoroughly to you why, but my father cannot gainsay anything which Hugh Hatterick says. Time will enable him, no doubt, to be more his own master, but, at anyrate, let me tell you, he came down less blustering, and less fiercely than usual, and wished to be very friendly with me. I laid my plan at once. I affected to be friendly to *him*, and that very night I quitted my aunt's cottage."

"Alone!"

"Yes, Henry, alone."

"Poor girl," he said, smoothing her glossy curls, "you came alone through the bitter snow, for love of me?"

"Truly, yes, Henry," she said, "for love of you. For it was your image, and the thought of your love, which sustained me through my trouble. It was a weary journey, through the bleak frost, with the wind cutting to my heart, which seemed as if it would freeze within my bosom. But I went on resolutely, the danger behind me from the villain, who declared he had come to marry me, being so great, that, to a certain extent, I laughed at the troubles of the journey. And so I arrived here safe and sound."

"And your father, was he not angry?"

"No; he was only alarmed. But he is alarmed, also, for another reason. From what Hatterick has said to him, he fears that some evil is brewing against the betrothed of Alice Heathcote, Captain Hubert Rivasole."

"In what way?"

"Hugh Hatterick laughed loudly, when his name was accidentally mentioned, saying, 'Ha, ha! *he* will never return to England. I have seen to that.' Oh! Henry, if aught happens to him, it will be a misfortune also for you and me."

"Fear not," said Henry; "his threats may, after all, be but idle ones. He is helpless now to do mischief, at anyrate, for a time. I met him this very night in the churchyard endeavoring to murder the old sexton, and I ran him through the shoulder with my sword, and flung him into an open grave. If he is not dead, he is, at least, powerless to move."

"It seems an impious wish," said Violet, "but it would be better for all were he dead. But tell me, dear Henry, how matters progress at home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

It took Henry Heathersley some time to explain to Violet the events of the last few weeks. Among these the principal was the death of Sir George Heathcote.

He was found the morning after his desperate ride, by the fishermen—lying still and white, beneath the chalk cliffs. They raised him tenderly up, for even in death the grand old man seemed to inspire respect, with his thick, white hair falling over his shoulders, and clustering round his broad forehead.

Sir Digby was at the window of the study as they neared the Grange. He was the first to see the body borne along on a hurdle by six strong men, with the green seaweed coiling round him, and the water dripping from his long white hair on the stones as they advanced.

He guessed what had happened before they entered; the shadow of his dream overshadowed him once more. It seemed only like his dark anticipation realized—the new link in the chain of trouble forged.

He hurried down to meet the Terrible Thing which brought such trouble on his house, and met it tenderly and sorrowfully; looking on it then in that dread moment only as the brother of the sainted wife that was gone; and, in his good heart, never for a moment thinking of the heir-at-law, into whose hands the involuntary death of Sir George had thrown the estate.

It was on the fourth day—the day fixed for the burial of Sir George—that Richard Langton appeared at the Grange. He found the place in a real state of mourning—Sir Digby gravely calm; Henry the same; Alice weeping bitterly, for she dearly loved her father, stern and unyielding as he may have seemed to others.

He was just such a man as you may have imagined to yourself; about forty years of age, with a small, tall head, a high, bold forehead, a scanty crop of whity-brown hair, small gray eyes, a hooked nose, thin angry lips, and a sallow parchmenty complexion.

He screwed up his features into the most hideous grimace, as he entered the room, and was met by Henry.

The young heir of Heathersley at once disliked him. "He is a hypocrite," he said to himself. "Oh! if I could only unmask him. But I cannot. I also must wear a mask for the sake of myself, my father, Alice, and dear Violet."

"I am deeply, deeply sorry that we meet for the first time on so mournful an occasion, Mr. Heathersley," he said, taking hold of the tips of Henry's fingers, and speaking quickly, as if he had made a speech beforehand, and was fearful of forgetting it. "But I trust that this unhappy event may bear good fruit, by being the means of bringing me more in connection with your family."

"Let us hope so," replied Henry, though it came upon his lips to add, "very sorrowful it must be for you when it gives you the property of Sir George Heathcote in perspective."

"Sudden, wasn't it, Sir Digby?" added the heir-at-law, turning to Sir Digby, who now advanced, "coming over to see me, too, which seems to put blame on *me*, as it were. But strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence. I suppose his fate was to die as he did, and we must not complain, eh, Sir Digby?"

"There's no chance of your complaining," thought the baronet, but he only said, "No, no, truly, but I fear his death may make matters sadly unpleasant for *me*."

The heir-at-law gave one dark glance at the baronet. Then he answered, "Not so unpleasant as you fancy, Sir Digby. Don't understand me, eh? No, naturally no; not to be imagined; first sight, and so on. The orphan yonder, Alice, eh? Ah, I thought so. Fancy I've heard Sir George call her Alice. She's a fine girl, and I've no objection to her being Mrs. Langton."

Sir Digby Heathersley might have mentioned several reasons why *he* had an objection; but at this moment there was a quiet, solemn bustle among the company, and the funeral-servers came to decorate the mourners in silk and crape, and the last preparations were made to carry away the poor, still object of their sorrow.

Women, in those days, were not afraid of seeing an open grave, and Alice, therefore, was one of those who saw the body of Sir George Heathcote carried to its last home in the still churchyard, and lowered down by old Mould and his assistants, not *far* from the spot where he was preparing the grave of Hugh Hatterick.

Then the company returned to Heathersley Grange, and partook of the "funeral meats," and then they passed away, one by one, and Henry and Alice also retired, and Sir Digby was left alone with the heir-at-law.

Richard Langton at once put on a kind of ghastly merriment.

"Eh, eh," he said, patting Sir Digby familiarly on the shoulder, "this affectation of sorrow by people who don't feel it, is really absurd, eh? *I* don't feel it," he added, digging him in the chest jocularly, with his finger; "you don't feel it, eh? but were obliged to put it on, eh? Propriety, and so on."

Sir Digby *hated* this man at once. "I don't know about *you*," he said. "In fact, I should say, I *do* know you are not sorry. I am. I respected Sir George Heathcote, in spite of his crotchets, and," he added, looking the man, whom he felt to be his enemy, fully in the face, "if I had no reason for being sorry before for his death, I have one now."

"Ah, ah!" Langton cried, "coming to the point, now, eh? Me, you mean, me. I'm the reason; very likely, and yet you can dispose of me, as easily as rubbish. I'm no one, no one, unless you like."

"I do not know what you mean," replied Sir Digby Heathersley, with dignity.

"Oh, yes, you do, Sir Digby; but just to adopt your idea, you don't. I'll explain. Sir George Heathcote lent you large sums of money. And you mortgaged your estates—your entire estates to him. Under these circumstances, he was willing, on certain conditions, to set you free. These conditions were, that you should unite the family interests, by marrying your son to his daughter. Well, your son refuses, and Sir George makes over all his property to Alice, provided she marries either your son or me, and failing that, it all comes to me, leaving her and your son beggars."

"I am aware of all this," said Sir Digby, bitterly.

"Now, the necessary mode of action is plain," continued Langton. "You will find I am quite disinterested. I have just as much desire that your niece should marry your son, as that she should marry me, but, as this seems out of the question, why I shall follow out Sir George's behests. By the way, you may not, perhaps, understand *one* provision of the will."

"Which is that?"

"A most important one. You will notice it, no doubt when the will is read. It is this, that *as soon as* your niece is married, the property is made over to her at once. I shall do my best to urge on this union with *myself*."

"And deliberately leave me and my son pennyless?"

"As a matter of business and principle—deliberately," said the Heir-at-law; "and now, since I have done with such matters for the present, will you allow me to ask you a favor—can you accommodate me with a bed for the night?"

"Certainly. You are surely welcome in your own house."

"Sarcastic, eh? Well, well, I thank you. I will remain."

And so he did remain that night, and three days, and then the will was read, and the harsh commands of Sir George Heathcote were known more thoroughly still.

Yet harsh as they were, they wished him back again among them, and were glad enough when the best form of the Heir-at-law was seen climbing up into his carriage. It seemed as if a deadly weight were taken from off their hearts.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT—A STORM.

The three smugglers whom Henry Heathersley met in the road, hastened back at once, as I have said, towards the churchyard, where they found the old sexton sitting, crooning out a ditty, on the top of the mound of earth by the side of Hugh Hatterick's grave, where the desperate wrecker even now lay senseless.

"Well, old Mould," said one of the rough men (rough as he was, he shuddered at the sight of the sexton, for those were superstitious days, and men liked not grave-diggers), "Where's Hatterick?"

The old man chuckled, and pointed down into the dark hole. "There he lies," he said, "down in his grave. A pity he should be taken out when he must so soon return to it."

Pouncefort pushed the old man aside.

"Out of the way," he cried, "out of the way. You had best take yourself off, for if Hugh Hatterick has strength left in him to order us to scrag you, we shall do so, mark you, and willingly."

The old man probably recognized the truth of this advice, and shambled off, uttering strange words between his teeth, which might have been curses or blessings for all they could hear.

The men then carefully raised the body of their wounded leader. "It strikes me he's pretty near a goner 'us," said Pouncefort, as they raised him up, and laid him on a tomb. "Tom, give us your brandy flask, and let us pour a little of the spirit down his throat." The man did as he was desired.

A shudder passed through the wrecker's frame, and he slightly opened his eyes. They were closed, however, after a minute, and he spoke not.

"We must make a hurdle for him," said Pouncefort. "And I'll tell you another thing; you and I'll never be able to carry him right through the town. Go and fetch two or three more; he's a heavy one, and will take all our strength to move him."

By the time Tom returned with a reinforcement, Pouncefort and the other man had made a hurdle.

And so on that frosty winter's night they carried the body of the wrecker through the town to his homestead.

It was a rough bed enough he was laid on when he got there—a bed and a room, too, just suited to his strange temperament.

There was no sign of luxury there. A low, old-fashioned bed; a rough table; two or three rough chairs; fishing-tackle flung in corners and suspended from rude beams crossing the ceiling; a swinging lamp depending on coarse fetid oil for light, such was the bed-chamber of Hugh Hatterick.

He had good attendants, however. His hideous mode of life had secured him money in abundance, and the old housekeeper whose services he had secured was a faithful attendant now in all his illness.

On the third night after his accident there was a fearful storm. Heaven and earth seemed joined in the terrible convulsion, and those who gazed out upon the sea could only see huge, rushing waves lapping the clouds, as it were, and yawning to receive the desperate flashes of the violent lightning.

Hugh Hatterick was lying on his bed helpless; terribly wounded as he was, he was yet recovering; his attendant had gone out for awhile, and, alone with his thoughts, he was coming over the chances of the future, when a long, lean, attenuated figure slid into the room.

He knew it in a moment. It was that of Richard Mould, the sexton of Trevegar.

Desperate, strong, naturally healthy as he was, Hugh Hatterick was helpless now. Ex-